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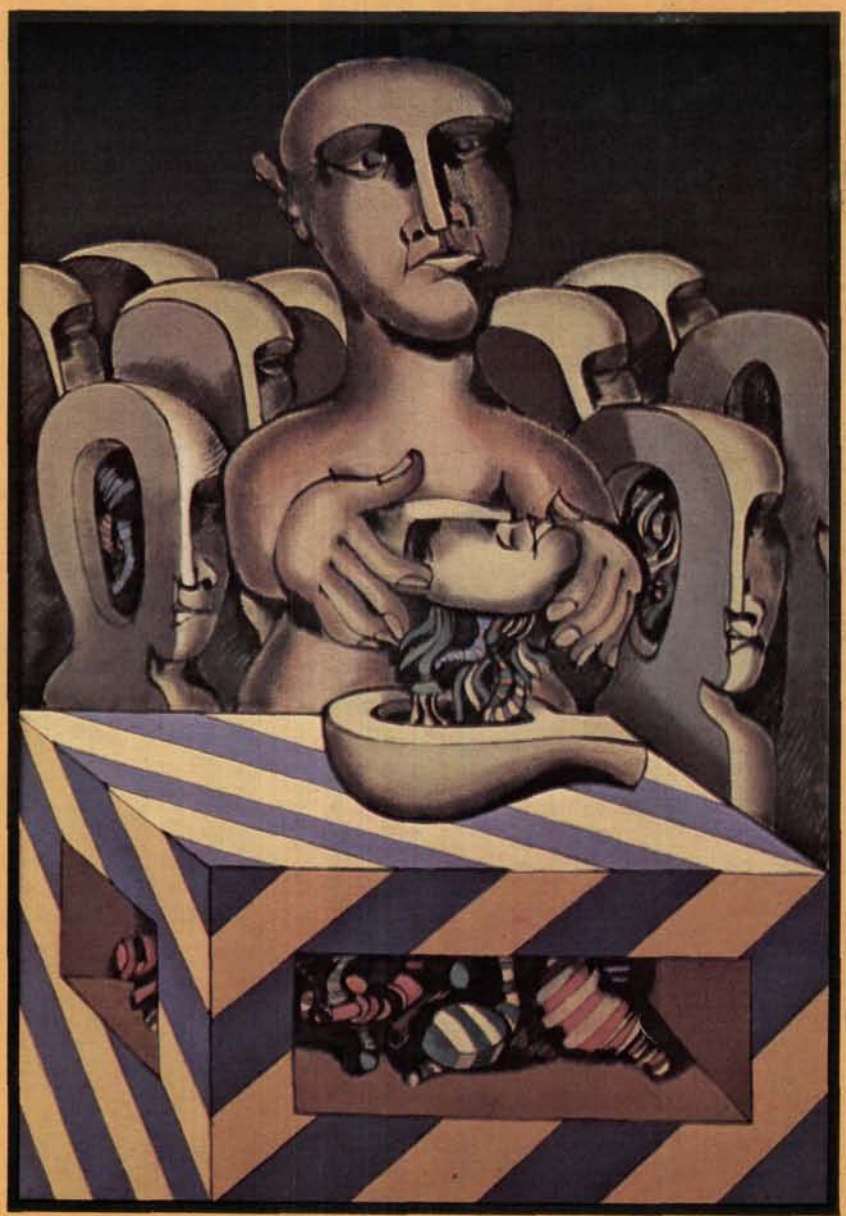

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TRB

from Washington
June 17, 1978

Carter's Best Speech

"You spend a billion here and a billion there," Everett Dirksen used to tell budget committees with mock solemnity, "and pretty soon you're talking real money!" It sounded funny at the time but it's beginning to date. What's a billion any longer? Today, a single proposed aircraft carrier costs over two billion. We thought about that listening to President Carter discussing nuclear war at Annapolis last week. The latest example for a real war is Vietnam. George McGovern has an estimate for Vietnam, worked out for him by some government agency or other. The full bill isn't in yet, of course (the US paid pensions to veterans' widows for a century after the Civil War). Vietnam IOUs still pour in—medical costs, pensions and interest on the war debt. Total? Around $350 billion—the price tag for a small war. For comparison, the total federal budget receipts from all sources in fiscal year 1977 were $357 billion. Or, as an easy way to remember it, a third of a trillion. Trillion. We are moving into the vocabulary of astronomers.

President Carter is not an eloquent man. His delivery is only so-so, better than Harry Truman's as he reads a speech, but not as good as Truman was when he extemporized and used that up and down chop of both arms, while he poured it on. Carter doesn't lift you out of your seat; he is a bit on the dull side. Having said this, let me add that I thought his Annapolis speech was the best I ever heard him make. At an awesome moment in history he was calm, restrained, and reassuring. There was no bombast. It would have been so easy to slop over and throw in the "lift of a driving dream" or some other meretricious purple phrase. He didn't. He was low-keyed and earnest and open. It was an honest speech.

It came at a turning point. At the UN Andrew Young took the position that there is little menace to Americans in the Horn of Africa which, six months ago, they hadn't heard of. At the disarmament conference Walter Mondale took a tough stand toward the Russians, then Carter followed this up with a hard line in questions and answers at Chicago. Toughest of all was Brzezinski, national security adviser, who snarled at the Russians last month on "Meet the Press," and charged they had violated the "code of detente." He sounded as though he wanted to sever relations. Who was speaking for the administration? Was Zbig or Secretary Vance in charge of US foreign policy? Then came the president's puzzling denunciation of the *Washington Post* headline (June 2): "White House Imposes Freeze on Strategic Arms Talks." There was no freeze, he declared angrily in a personal appearance in the White House press room. Very well, the headline was wrong. But the body of the news story modified the report and, anyway, was it all that important? Things must be very critical indeed in Soviet relations for such an outburst, many concluded. That was the background for the Annapolis address. Some waited for a bombshell; others declared that the president was playing politics—trying to revive flagging popularity by lambasting Moscow and reviving hysteria.

Instead of that the president spoke softly. He gave a dignified appeal. Let the Russians think about what they are doing, cooperate, close the gap on the SALT agreement—the prospects for which, he insisted, "are good." He went over differences of view and style of the superpowers, noting Russia's steady, alarming investment for 15 years of 15 percent of its gross national product in armaments. He didn't say this but the United States annually invests only about seven or eight percent of GNP on arms; it comes, of course, from a national output about twice Russia's.

In calm words Mr. Carter in effect told his adversary to go look in the mirror; Moscow is losing friends, its cultural bonds with others are "few and frayed," its form of government "is becoming increasingly unattractive to other nations," and so on. This was not offered as a provocative taunt but quietly, as a matter of common knowledge. The heart of the talk was, of course, the statement, "The Soviet Union can choose either confrontation or cooperation. The United States is adequately prepared to meet either choice." That could have been said with a roll of thunder or with a theatrical flourish; it was characteristic of Carter that the actual utterance was like the words themselves, matter-of-fact.

The Carter speech emphasizes that beside the conspicuous nuclear arms race a second great contest is going on around the world between Russia and America, partly in economic terms and partly in abstractions: social justice, political self-determination and human rights. It pops up in such out-of-the-way places as mismanaged, corrupt and virtually bankrupt Zaire—about equally far away from Moscow and Washington. It intertwines with America's gigantic struggle to get on the temperance wagon of energy conservation and kick the addiction to imported oil.

The odds in this second contest are far closer than most Americans think. The business in Zaire, for example, is not only between East and West but North and South, the South representing the underdeveloped third world where half the people go to bed hungry at night. The United States, with six percent of the world's population, uses a third of its energy. The Mobil advertisements and Ben Wattenberg tell us not to feel guilty about this, but it presents the US to the world as the very symbol of ruthless capitalism bent on enslaving despairing have-not nations. They want a new international economic order presented alluringly by Moscow with Cuban troops.

Russia has an aging oligarchy, operating a ponderous centralized bureaucracy with an economic system short on capital, technology and free market incentives. Dangerous weaknesses. But America's oil dependence is a danger, too. Consumption is up 18 percent since 1973 and rising, 47 percent of it imported and a crunch likely in eight years. What happens if there is a *coup* in Saudi Arabia, or the oil jugular is otherwise cut? Not all risks are nuclear.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 178, No. 24, Issue 3310, June 17, 1978. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 205 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Cover: Oil painting by Argentinian artist Osvaldo Borda.

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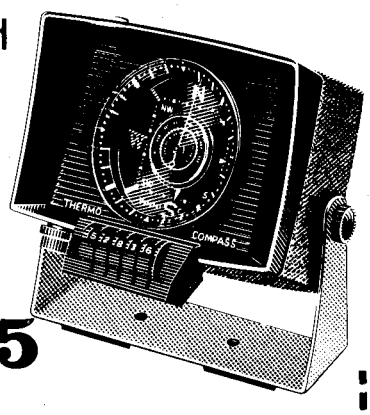

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 17, 1978

Me First

Richard Nixon told us in his second inaugural address that we should stop asking what government can do for us. He said we should ask instead, "What can I do for myself?" It's been five years since he offered that advice, and now suddenly Americans seem to be taking it to heart. They have thrown aside whatever generous impulse may have made them support public services in the past and begun to vote for leaders who tell them that they should think of themselves first and of the community second.

Last week's elections provided some examples. One was the defeat of Senator Clifford Case in the New Jersey Republican primary by a 34-year-old disciple of Ronald Reagan, Jeffrey Bell. Bell has only tenuous ties to New Jersey, and his only past political accomplishment was dreaming up Reagan's pledge during the 1976 election to cut $90 billion from government spending on social services. In Ohio, voters rejected more than half the school tax and bond measures on the ballot.

But the most sweeping affirmation of the me-first principle came from California. Voters decided by a margin of two-to-one last week to support the Jarvis-Gann initiative—also known as Proposition 13—which promised to cut property taxes by more than 50 percent. Tax assessments are to be turned back to the 1975-76 level and can be increased by no more than two percent a year. But there is an exception—one that reveals the narrow selfishness of the amendment most starkly: a house can be reassessed up to its full market value after it changes hands. Present homeowners are protected; future homeowners are on their own. "Launch the lifeboat—I'm aboard. Everybody else can swim to shore."

In keeping with the spirit of the day, Proposition 13 will give proportionally more relief according to the size of one's investment. The rich get richer. The measure will cost local governments about seven billion dollars in lost revenue the first year, and the deficit will have to be made good with funds from the state and federal government. This tax revolt could have a curious result not anticipated by its backers. It could make California's public services—to the extent that they survive the coming budget cuts—more dependent on far-away bureaucracies in Sacramento and Washington, DC.

The Jarvis campaign rode to success on a very appealing myth, one that has worked well in other conservative crusades. It is the myth that government is the source of society's ills, and that the way to reform the government is to go at it with an ax. One begins by slashing taxes. This sales pitch is aimed just low enough to appeal to middle-class voters—in this instance, to middle-class owners of houses. The deception lies in that it gives a sheen of high purpose to a cause that in fact is rooted in narrow self-interest. The Jarvis proposition, Californians were told, was not just a cause for property owners to join, but a fight on principle against flabby government. We suspect that this blending of libertarian rhetoric with cash prizes for the middle class is the central appeal of the new backlash that is gaining momentum in the country. It salves the conscience by saying that voters can do good by doing well for themselves, even if doing so means that they withdraw from the community.

It is true, of course, that government bureaucracies grow flabby and require surgery on occasion. But the sensible way to proceed is to elect a trustworthy surgeon. If California's problem is that it is burdened with an overextended education system, then Californians should have the good sense to find and elect someone who will make the necessary budget cuts. They should also be willing to support such a leader when he gets in a hot political fight with special groups—such as teachers' unions—that want to stop the surgery. The supporters of the Jarvis plan, however, have done much less than this. All they can say that they've done with certainty is to lower the tax bills of middle and upper-class property owners. Possibly they may reduce the size of local government, but that remains to be seen.

Nixon's thesis—that we do best by helping ourselves—has never been unpopular, despite Nixon's belief that he was articulating a rare and profound truth. It is a hard little rule, cherished by compulsive winners in every part of the world. It inspires the ambitious and confirms the value of success. What it does *not* do is tell the whole truth. It fails to explain that

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the generous impulse is just as necessary to our survival as the acquisitive impulse, for without it, society disintegrates and productive work comes to a stop. But the generous impulse must be nurtured by our political leaders. After last week will there be any of them left with the courage to do it, or will they all be jumping aboard the me-first bandwagon?

White House Watch

Hard Lines

The section of the Great Wall of China near Peking that Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger visited in 1972 and that Zbigniew Brzezinski visited in May has three levels. The steps rising from the ground to all of them are steep and the climb from the second level to the top is very steep. Deputy Foreign Minister Wang Hai-jung, a grand-niece of the late Mao Tse-tung, accompanied Brzezinski to the wall. Brzezinski said afterward in Washington that she was "very charming." One of the Americans in his party said that for Brzezinski the trip to the wall was a fun occasion, an outing with an attractive and stimulating woman after hours in conferences and at banquets in Peking, and that he let himself relax with no thought that his behavior would be reported around the world. He was told when he reached the second level that Nixon and Kissinger stopped there and didn't climb to the top. Brzezinski reacted instantly and in character: where Nixon and Kissinger had not gone, he would go. He challenged Wang and the others with him to race him up the remaining steps and shouted, "Last one to the top fights the Russians in Ethiopia!" He, Wang and their companions then walked briskly up with Brzezinski in the lead.

Although the crack about "Russians in Ethiopia" was made in fun, it could not—Brzezinski being Brzezinski—have been made in innocence. It occurred amid and detracted from a series of considered assertions of common US and Chinese interest and of thrusts by Brzezinski at Communist China's Communist enemy, the Soviet Union. Because it was excessive and childish and also because it manifestly would never have been made by anyone else of Brzezinski's rank in the Carter administration, the remark furthered and in a small way justified a feeling that American foreign policy was in the hands of people who didn't know what they were doing.

The President soon showed that he was aware of the feeling and understood that it was serious and widespread, and imperiled all that he hoped to accomplish in the world. He decided to attempt in a previously scheduled graduation address at the US Naval Academy in Annapolis to dispel the confusion that increasingly seemed to envelop and obscure his policy. He said in the speech that his subject was "the relationship between the world's two greatest powers, the United States and the Soviet Union." Since early last year he had dealt with that subject in three major speeches and in scores of group interviews, press conferences and other exchanges. Every point that he made in the Annapolis speech, including the identity of Communist Chinese and American interests that Brzezinski emphasized in Peking and the iniquities of Soviet and Cuban intervention in Africa that Brzezinski and Carter have been proclaiming for many months, had been made again and again. Carter stated some of his points in harsher words and harder tone than he previously had. But it was all on the record. It all must have been taken into account long since by Soviet officialdom. There could have been nothing new to the Kremlin except the hardened tone in Carter's assertion that "The Soviet Union can choose either confrontation or cooperation. The United States is adequately prepared to meet either choice." Certainly there was nothing new, indeed there seemed to be no meaningful point either for the Kremlin or for Americans, in Carter's moralistic recital of the Soviet system's sins and faults.

Why the speech, then? The answer is simple and depressing. The President of the United States thought it necessary 16 months after taking office to demonstrate that he has a policy, that he knows what it is, and that he is in charge of it. A briefer speaking for him at the White House the morning the speech was delivered acknowledged that a contrary impression is prevalent and troubling. The briefer said that the impression results more from poor reporting in the media than from any differences among the officials who (the briefer didn't say) variously assist and hamper the President in formulating and expressing the policy. That said, we duck further evaluation of the speech and deal with the nature and causes of the confusion that brought it on.

The confusion arises in part from a consequence of experience that Carter officials discuss freely in private but somehow never get around to explaining in public. The Carter administration took office with a belief that "a policy based on constant decency in its values and on optimism in our historical vision" (Jimmy Carter—May 25, 1977) would elicit a response from the Soviet Union and lead to a degree of accommodation that have not occurred. An accompanying conviction was that Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger—especially Kissinger—were incapable of conceiving and applying such a policy and therefore had failed to achieve the accommodation with the Soviet Union that Carter and some of his people expected to accomplish. The expectation was not rooted in the total naivete that this summary note may indicate. One of the ironies of

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Out of focus

To the editors:

The listing on this magazine's masthead of its first "staff photographer" is occasion for a small story about the magazine, pictures and Richard Nixon.

At Hangchow, toward the end of Nixon's visit to Communist China in 1972, he posed for a group photograph with his press party and then had his picture taken shaking hands separately with each of us. When Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler introduced me, Nixon said mysteriously and unforgettably, "Oh yes, *The New Republic!* It doesn't use pictures." That night, as he and Premier Chou en-Lai left a banquet together, Nixon introduced Chou to reporters standing along the aisle. Introducing me, he said "John Osborne of *The New Republic.* It doesn't use pictures, you know." Chou, who understood and spoke English, smiled and murmured, "Of course I know!" As they walked on and Nixon kept pausing to chatter with reporters and others, Chou raised his right hand to Nixon's back and pushed him gently toward the door.

John Osborne
Senior Editor
The New Republic

A legitimate fear

To the editors:

Paul Robinson ("Invisible Men," *TNR,* June 3) denies that there is a practical need for laws protecting the rights of homosexuals because homosexuals are not discriminated against *unless they are identifiable as homosexuals.* This is a little like saying that the Jews in Hitler's Germany possessed the same rights as Aryans provided that they could successfully conceal their Jewishness. Is there no moral judgment of a society willing to condemn whole groups of people except those who are lucky enough to be able to hide?

Mr. Robinson has sympathetically described the pain and difficulty experienced in the daily lives of most homosexuals as they try to conceal their identities. But this "secretiveness" is not the result of a "common shame in which all human beings hide their sexuality" (which would certainly surprise most anthropologists). Nor is it a desire to avoid political commitment. It results from a legitimate fear of economic and social persecution which has indeed been so systematic and so successful that until very recently few homosexuals dared to identify themselves for fear of losing their jobs, their homes and even their physical safety. If Mr. Robinson was not so smugly content with armchair analysis, some elementary research would reveal to him plentiful, documented examples of police harassment, senseless beatings, job dismissals, loan refusals, housing denials and even killings all directed toward homosexuals merely because they have either been so brave or so unfortunate as to be identifiable as homosexuals. Meanwhile the courts continue to look the other way. There has long been a tacit understanding between public and private citizens alike that the rights of homosexuals can be violated with impunity.

Having dismissed the demand for equal protection of the laws as merely an infantile demand for attention, Mr. Robinson takes up the cause of the anti-gay movement. He is really quite candid about this. He does not claim that gay rights lead to dangerous or disruptive social consequences. He concedes that homosexuals are mostly indistinguishable from their heterosexual counterparts unless homosexuals themselves tell us who they are. This they must be prevented from doing, however, lest Mr. Robinson and others be subject to uncontrollably vivid imaginings of "penises in mouths and anuses." But if the mere sight of a known homosexual triggers such fantasies, does not the sight of heterosexuals trigger similar fantasies? After all, the practice neither of fellatio nor sodomy is confined to homosexuals.

The concern with the sexual practices of minorities is the true red herring of Mr. Robinson's article. The concern should not be whether cunnilingus is intrinsically more palatable than fellatio but whether it is really justifiable to legally pressure one group of people into concealing their presence solely because a larger group finds the very thought of them offensive. Mr. Robinson concedes that in fact "the opponents of homosexual rights really have no place to turn for a platform other than to traditional religion." Having already denied 14th Amendment protections to homosexuals, he now sacrifices the First Amendment. Apparently that is the price everyone must pay to be protected from the visibility of gays and the horrors of one's own fantasy life.

Paul Shepard
Amherst, Massachusetts

And they all wear cardigans

To the editors:

Garry Trudeau probably does not know it, but there really is a Department of Symbolism of sorts at one of our major universities. I and 70 of my classmates graduated from Brown University with a degree in Semiotics—the study of signs and symbolization.

We never could figure out who would endow such an area of study, but now I guess it's obvious. HEW needed a "feeder" institution for the Department of Symbolism.

Ava Seave
Brown University
Class of '77

Well, my broker is . . .

To the editors:

I would like to call attention to something that is becoming common practice in *TNR* and other magazines—something we might call "the gratuitous appeal to authority when stating the obvious." A good example is in Ken Bode's article "Carter in November" (May 20). After remarking (second paragraph) that off-year loss of seats is "as well established as any tendency . . . ." he continues, "Political scientist Austin Ranney pointed out recently. . . ." Well perhaps he did. But so have several hundred thousand other people. And it's a fact known to millions—certainly to everyone who reads *TNR.* I'll wager that 1000, perhaps 10,000, times as many people know about the off-year election situation as have ever heard of Austin Ranney. So what's the point?

William English
Wayland, Massachusetts

Ken Bode explains: Ranney's a friend.

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Carter's dilemma is that as early as 1974 he was expressing the basic views on defense and international realities that he is expressing now. Presidential Review Memorandum 10 ("PRIM 10"), a study that NSC assistant and Harvard professor-on-leave Samuel P. Huntington conducted a year ago, foresaw that Africa with its poverty, its weak governments and its remnants of colonialism offered the Soviet Union opportunities for intervention that probably didn't exist anywhere else. As officials familiar with the classified study readily concede, it did not anticipate that the Soviet Union and its agent, Communist Cuba, would exploit the situation as quickly and boldly as they have. Inasmuch as the Russians and Cubans had intervened in Angola and Congress had killed off Kissinger's covert attempt to frustrate them there before Carter was elected, PRIM 10's analysis was hardly a miracle of prescience. In a wobbly sort of way, however, the sequence of expectation and disappointment supports the rather defensive explanation that the hardening of Carter administration rhetoric merely and inevitably reflects changes in perception that could and did come only with experience.

A Carter official who is associated in the public mind both with Africa and with the confusion over policy toward Africa is Andrew Young, the US ambassador to the United Nations. Young's, Carter's, and other officials' protestations to the contrary, a clear contradiction between Young's view that the administration ought not to "panic" over the Soviet-Cuban presence and activities in Africa and the President's continuing and intensifying expressions of concern persists and does much to perpetuate the sense of confusion that Carter is trying to dispel. In my unfashionably orthodox opinion, this particular difficulty is rooted in two fundamental misconceptions of the UN ambassador's role. First, that ambassadorship is not the place for an incumbent with a special constituency of the kind that regards Andrew Young as its foremost representative in the administration and, rightly from its standpoint, expects him to reflect its special biases and interests. The reference of course is to the black community and to Ambassador Young as a black American. Second, Carter made a mistake when he let Andrew Young become an independent and to all effects autonomous ambassador instead of what the position and the law require, a faithful subordinate and spokesman for the President and the secretary of state.

It is somehow fitting that this incomplete account of difficulties and confusion should end with only the barest reference to one of the President's few recent and substantial successes in foreign affairs. At the NATO summit conference in Washington May 30-31, the heads of 13 member governments affirmed their commitments to implement important improvements in the alliance that he initiated in London last year. Among them is a long-term, 15-year effort to build up military readiness, coordinate deplorably and dangerously uncoordinated equipment programs, and sustain defense expenditure for NATO purposes at any level agreed to be necessary. The continuing increase in Soviet and Warsaw Pact military strength on the borders of Western Europe is a fact and Carter is right in calling upon his NATO allies, including some who require urging and some who don't, to recognize the danger and counter it until and unless it is diminished by negotiation and accommodation with the Soviet Union.

John Osborne

And other tricks of the campaigner's trade.

Walking Pol

Political gimmicks are one of the smaller costs of democracy. Every year old ones are dusted off and new ones devised to win some low-cost publicity for candidates with more time on their hands than money, or to draw attention in a field crowded with look-alikes. Press conferences outside belching factories, or on the steps of utility companies, at unemployment lines and supermarket check-out stands—yes, and carrying your own luggage and sleeping over on supporters' couches—are all standard fare of political gimmickry. The season is upon us again.

Every working stiff on Capitol Hill knows the story of Dick Clark. He was the staff assistant whom Congressman John Culver sent back to Iowa to set up a campaign organization so that Culver could return and run for the Senate in 1972. When Culver decided not to make the race, Clark got inspiration. He quit his job, filed for the seat himself and set off across the state—on foot. When he began, Clark's name identification was just about zero. But his border-to-border walk won enough media mileage to overcome that and capture him a seat that Iowa Republicans had reasonably assumed they owned.

Dick Clark is up for reelection this year, and once again he's hiking around Iowa. Obviously it's a political gimmick, but walking the state has proved to be one of the best attention grabbers of the past decade. Of course, it certifies nothing about the candidate other than high vitality and sturdy dogs, two qualities evidently much esteemed by the contemporary electorate. "Walkin" Lawton Chiles probably holds the record. He strolled the length of Florida, 1003 miles from Pensacola to Miami, and won a Senate seat. Dan Walker spent the summer before a March primary—when, arguably, there wasn't much else to do—hiking

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along the highways of Illinois in pursuit of the governorship. He also won. Now, in addition to Clark, there is a gubernatorial hopeful walking across Tennessee and there are candidates for state office in Maryland and Arkansas who are *jogging* between campaign stops, at least so long as they are in range of a television crew.

Properly choreographed, a walk has the candidate tramping into each major media market of a state and onto the local news programs. Along the highways, he's flanked by aides bearing banners which notify motorists that the grinning, waving hiker they're about to pass has aspirations to public service. Count the cars for a day and it's easy to conclude that you'll see more voters along the roadside than by running from one Rotary luncheon to the next. And you don't risk alienating them by having to reveal where you stand on the issues.

When Dan Walker came up for reelection in 1976, his public relations folks released a song commemorating the 1972 achievement, called *A Winner Walkin' Home.* It was a twangy ballad:

Stoppin' at a country store,
sweatstains on the denim shirt he wore.
The hopes and dreams of his fellow man,
keep him walkin' on across this land.
It's a long, long way to go.
His body's tired, but not his soul.

Well, you can't fool the voters of Illinois like that. Singin' about it is not the same as doin' it. Walker lost.

Losing is not the only risk involved in the walking gig. Two years ago, Democratic state chairman Hess Dyas set off across the rainswept plains of Nebraska and wound up in the hospital battling pleurisy instead of his primary opponent, Edward Zorinsky. But there are spin-off benefits, too. Talking to voters on his walk through Florida, Lawton Chiles converted from a Vietnam hawk to a dove.

There've been some variations on the walk. One candidate announced he would swim the length of Florida, which is much harder to do, of course, and has the handicap that you get to meet a lot fewer people. In her 1974 congressional race against Bob Wilson, Colleen O'Connor actually did swim across the San Diego Bay. She lost. In a Senate primary, former congressman Max McCarthy donned a scuba suit and dived under New York harbor. He came up, but finished fourth in a field of four.

Cliff Finch, who is now governor of Mississippi and before that was a well-to-do trial lawyer, campaigned as a friend of the working man and took to carrying a black lunch bucket to certify that fact. The lunch bucket became his campaign symbol. Instead of buying billboards, his supporters constructed big lunch buckets along the roadsides. It worked. Harold Miller, a fellow who ran for Congress from suburban Virginia a few years ago, found it troublesome to get his message across in the crowded Washington, DC, media market. Miller bought up $10,000 worth of 45 rpm records featuring himself conversing on issues, which he planned to mail out to voters. Then fund-raising dried up. The records are still in the basement and Miller is not in Congress.

Texas is always a great place for political gimmicks, as just this year's primary proves. John Hill, who ousted incumbent governor Dolph Briscoe, dreamed up a device to convince voters he did not favor a state income tax: a giant rubber stamp bearing the word VETO, which he promised to use on any income tax legislation, "before the ink gets dry!" Running for state treasurer, Henry Ledbetter filled a pick-up truck with funny money he'd printed up, then drove around the state giving it away to dramatize his charge that the state's bank deposits were not being invested properly. He lost, two-to-one. Congressional candidate Perry Ellis, an evangelist, rigged up a dial-a-speech telephone recording for those who missed his campaign appearances, a large category of folks if the primary outcome is any indication! Ellis finished fifth in a field of five. In the same primary, the Texas voters did all these fellows one better by electing a dead man in a contested primary. At 83, the fellow was still alive but not a good actuarial bet when he was nominated. Since the law allowed the Democratic organization to name his replacement if he won the primary, they just kept running his advertisements after he died, and he came in first.

The most persistent gimmick these days is for candidates to show up at the workplace and do a few hours—or even a full shift—of well publicized, on-the-job learning. Right now there are a dozen or more candidates around the country digging ditches, pumping gasoline, laying bricks, driving buses, busing dishes, dredging for oysters and teaching school. These are day laborers in the literal sense. A day in the shipyard, a day in the mines, a day in the factory. It's meant to give the candidate an idea of the problems (and joys) of the average American.

Take the case of Bob Graham, a state senator from the Miami area who is running for governor of Florida. His financial statement shows assets of more than four million dollars, so to counter the impression that someone worth that much doesn't know the meaning of work, Graham has promised to do a full day's work on each of 100 entry-level jobs. Last weekend he completed his 70th. Among many other exertions, Graham has processed sponges, poured columns on a high-rise building, labored as a logger in west Florida and hired on a tugboat out of Jacksonville. He has picked tomatoes and oranges, been a stable boy at a racetrack, worked on a shrimp boat and picked up 18 tons of refuse on a garbage crew. According to Jerry Smith, his campaign manager, Graham also spent a day and a half unemployed. "He felt the frustration of being

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unemployed with the use of nothing but public transportation to get around," Smith explains.

In Virginia, US Senate candidate Rufus Phillips, another odd jobber who favors 100 percent of parity for farm products, is accepting livestock from farmers as campaign contributions. When he goes to a stockyard to convert the on-hoof contributions into cash, it involves filling out a special form for the Federal Elections Commission.

One work-a-day candidate got a lot more out of the experience than he bargained for. Running for a state senate seat in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, in 1976, Paul Offner lined up stints working on a construction site, as a teacher, as a cook and as a housewife. His first day on the job, working on the roof of a municipal building, Offner stepped backward through some unsupported insulation and dropped five floors, finishing the day in critical condition with a fractured pelvis, contusions of the lung and a broken arm. Offner recovered—and won the election with 60 percent of the vote.

Now Paul Offner is running for lieutenant governor of Wisconsin. His opponent is a fellow named LaFollette, which is a cherished name in that state, so Offner again faces long odds. A few weeks ago, the campaign car that Offner was riding in was hit broadside by a semi-truck and totaled. Offner? Unhurt, this time. But he must have Mr. LaFollette wondering. If the semi-truck gimmick was just for openers, what tricks does Paul Offner have up his sleeve for the rest of the campaign?

Ken Bode

A modest triumph for Carter diplomacy.

Election Wins Close Call

Democracy in the Dominican Republic seems to have survived its most severe test since the American intervention in the 1965 civil war. Credit for this belongs to the Carter administration, acting in close coordination with a half-dozen Latin American and Western European governments. If it weren't for the instant US reaction, including a forceful personal warning by Jimmy Carter, chances are that the Dominican military would have nullified the election of Antonio Guzmán, a political moderate, and kept in office President Joaquín Balaguer, a relic of Rafael Trujillo's dictatorial era.

The American success in dissuading the Dominican generals from carrying out an anti-Guzmán coup, which was already in the works, probably prevented serious strife, if not a new civil war, in the Dominican Republic. Guzmán was leading Balaguer by a large margin when troops halted further vote-counting the day after the May 16 balloting, creating an imminent threat of a bloody confrontation between the soldiers and much of the population.

Carter's effort demonstrated that the US, when so disposed, is capable of moving in support of democracy—at least in the Western Hemisphere—at a time of crisis. In taking his strong stand, Carter ignored more cautious advice from many—though not all—State Department officials. American actions in the Dominican crisis put other Latin American regimes on notice that the Carter administration means business concerning the restoration of democracy in this dictatorship-ridden hemisphere. The Dominican events were watched closely in Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru, where local military regimes have committed themselves to free elections this year; as well as in Argentina, Brazil and Chile, countries where the Carter advocacy of human rights is beginning to have some impact. Carter deserves considerable credit, especially because he eschewed wholly unilateral moves and acted instead in concert with democratic leaders in Latin America.

Given the turbulent history of relations between the US and the Dominican Republic, Carter's policies carried exquisite ironies. Following the occupation by US Marines, Trujillo became the country's brutal dictator in the early 1930s. US support for Trujillo continued until 1961, when the Kennedy administration quietly helped to inspire Dominican plotters to assassinate him. In 1962, Juan Bosch, a noted writer and a left-of-center reformer, was chosen president in the Dominican Republic's first truly free election. Vice President Lyndon Johnson was on hand to celebrate this event. A year later, however, Bosch was deposed by the military, marking the end of the short-lived democratic experiment in the Dominican Republic.

In April 1965, pro-Bosch "constitutionalists," including younger army officers, launched a rebellion designed to restore him to power. A civil war broke out in Santo Domingo between the rebels and the hard-line military. President Johnson, led to believe that he was facing another "Communist Cuba," dispatched the First Marine Division and the 82nd Airborne Division to the Dominican Republic to help the hard-liners put down the uprising.

Subsequent political maneuvering involved National Security Adviser McGeorge Bundy, Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance, and Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, just before he was sent to Vietnam. The American first choice for a provisional president was a wealthy provincial landowner named Antonio Guzmán. Bundy had picked him as a reasonably liberal figure capable of reconciling the rival faction. Bundy, however, was overruled in Washington and, after a brief transition, Joaquín Balaguer was put in the presidency in 1966. The Americans conveniently forgot that Balaguer had served as Trujillo's hand-picked president in the years preceding the dictator's

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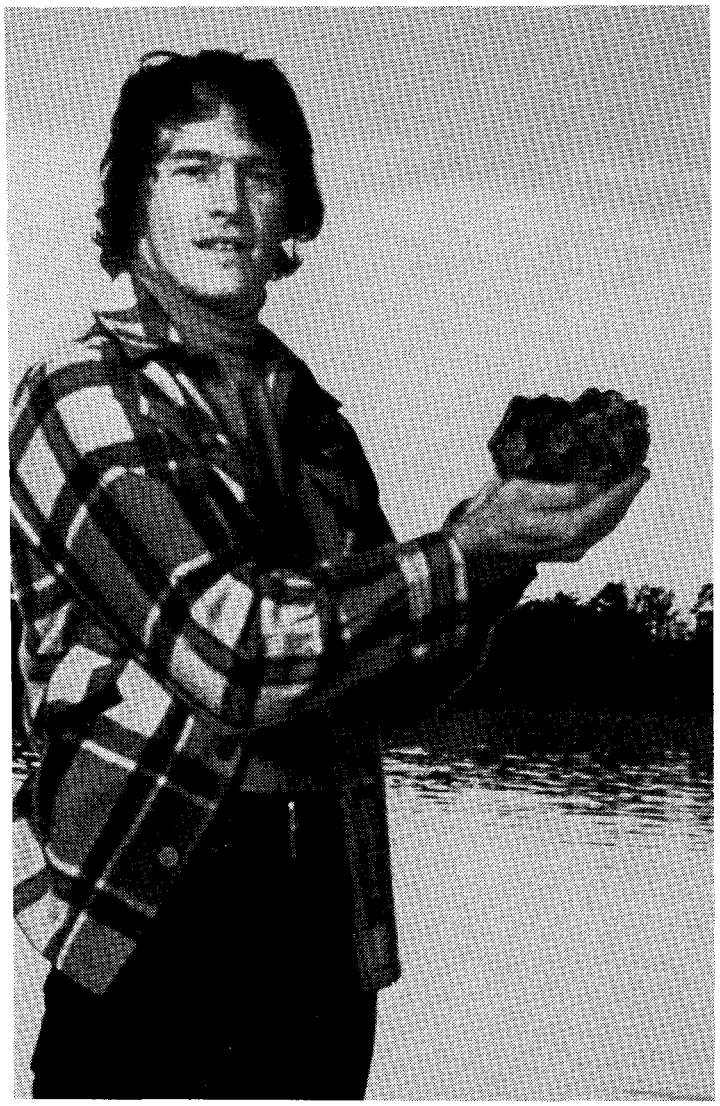
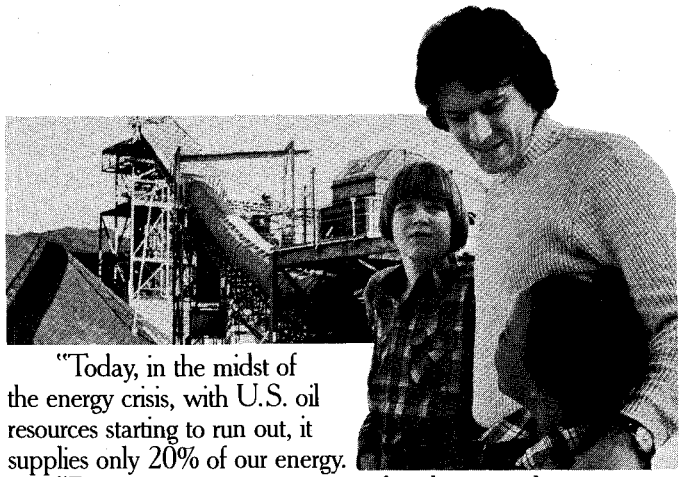
"What fuel could supply America's electricity for about 250 years?"

—David G. Roberts, Scientist

"Coal. America has one trillion tons of coal reserves in the ground. Enough energy to equal the oil reserves of the whole world.

"Coal is a tested, proven energy resource, and only a generation ago it was supplying 48% of our energy.



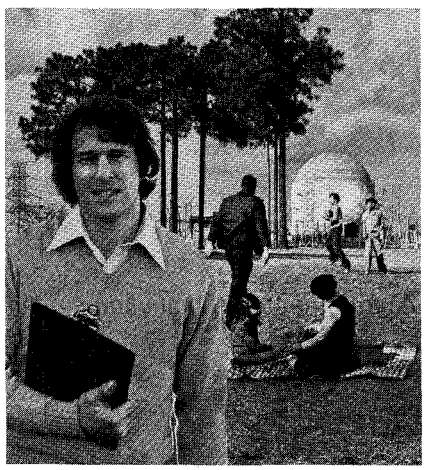


"Today, in the midst of the energy crisis, with U.S. oil resources starting to run out, it supplies only 20% of our energy.

"By tapping our vast reserves of coal, we can lessen our dependence on imported oil—a move that's in the best interest of all of us.

Electric companies are converting to coal.

"So, wherever feasible, electric companies are converting plants that run on oil and natural gas to coal. In this way, these precious fuels will last as long as possible—not only for transportation and heating, but for fertilizers, pharmaceuticals, and other useful applications.



"To meet the nation's rising power requirements, we will need 825 million tons of coal annually by 1985, as compared to half of that amount in 1975. Billions of dollars will be needed to get that coal out of the ground, to transport it, to create anti-pollution controls.

Coal can't do the job alone—we still need nuclear energy as a major source of electricity.

"Nuclear energy is the other proven source of electricity. For many sections of the country, it's the best and most economical source of power.

"But remember that in some sections of the country our electric power capacity is stretching thin."

The time to build power plants is now.

By 1988 America will need 40% more electricity just to supply all the new people and their jobs. New power plants—both coal and nuclear—are urgently needed and must be started at once to be ready in time. For facts on your energy options, just send in the coupon.

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assassination, when Trujillo had preferred to exercise his power from behind the scenes.

Now a US favorite, Balaguer was reelected in 1970 and 1974, with the opposition boycotting both elections. He won high marks in Washington for pacifying the country (although he tolerated right-wing terrorist squads, the police-supported "bandas") and encouraging American private investment. When Balaguer visited Washington in September 1977 for the signing of the Panama Canal treaties, Jimmy Carter singled him out for praise as a true democrat.

The opposition Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD), first created by Bosch, decided to contest Balaguer's bid for fourth term in May 1978 by putting up Antonio Guzmán as its candidate. Balaguer, along with US diplomatic observers, was certain of victory: incumbents are not easily defeated in the Dominican Republic, particularly when they are backed by the military. Then came the surprise. During the night of May 16 and 17, as the votes were being counted, Guzmán acquired a two-to-one lead over Balaguer. Early on the morning of May 17, Dominican troops entered the polling stations and stopped the count. A military coup seemed to be in progress, apparently under the direction of General René Beauchamp Javier, the armed forces secretary, and General Neit Nivar, the chief of police. It remains unclear whether the 70-year-old Balaguer encouraged the coup. But he obviously acquiesced in it—and failed to exercise his ostensible commitment to democracy—by remaining silent when the troops took over the polling stations.

The Dominican events were an acute embarrassment to the Carter administration. Not only was the democratic process being undermined, but Jimmy Carter was on the record with public praise for Balaguer as a champion of democracy. Thus the administration moved at once. The State Department set up a special working group on the Dominican Republic during May 17. The American Ambassador in Santo Domingo, Robert L. Yost (who had presented his credentials to Balaguer on the eve of the elections) was instructed to call on Balaguer to express the US concern. This was part of standing contingency plans in the Department. Balaguer, however, refused to receive Yost, an attitude he maintained for the next two weeks. Yost spent hours that day sitting in his limousine outside the Presidential Palace in the vain hope of being granted an audience. Then he reported his failure.

The next step was for Secretary of State Vance, a veteran of the 1965 events, to telephone Balaguer to urge the restoration of the democratic process. Balaguer, however, refused to take Vance's call; his aides said he was tired and resting. Vance thereupon fired off a cable to Balaguer, informing him that a continued interruption of the constitutional process would have a "profound effect" on American-Dominican relations. Balaguer ignored the cable.

On Thursday, May 18, Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Peréz publicly condemned the Dominican behavior, as did the presidents of Colombia and Costa Rica and Panama's strong man Omar Torrijos. The State Department entered into urgent consultations with several Latin American governments to consider international action. Working in secrecy, the US and Venezuela decided to call an urgent meeting of hemisphere foreign ministers on the grounds that the failure to respect the results of the elections in the Dominican Republic could result in a "threat to peace in the Hemisphere." The diplomats recognized that this was a bit far-fetched, but the accent now was on international pressure. And because the Dominican Revolutionary Party is close to the Socialist International, the social democratic governments of West Germany and Portugal joined in this pressure, urging Balaguer to let the electoral process run its course. There was also the hint from Peréz that Venezuela might halt its low-priced oil sales to the Dominican Republic.

The US also considered direct action. The administration was on the verge of recalling Ambassador Yost and the three officers and two enlisted men who compose the local US Office of Security Assistance, the military aid group. There also were plans to suspend one million dollars in foreign military sales to the Dominicans. Lieutenant General Dennis P. McAuliffe, head of the Southern Command in Panama, telephoned General Beauchamp in Santo Domingo to warn him of the consequences of a *coup*. McAuliffe and Beauchamp knew each other, and the State Department and the Pentagon had decided this would be a highly effective direct approach; this turned out to be a correct judgment.

On May 18, Representative Donald Fraser, the Minnesota Democrat, telephoned President Carter to persuade him to issue a public statement. Carter had been kept posted on the developments through so-called "evening reading" notes that Vance sent him daily, bypassing the National Security Council staff, and he agreed to speak out on the Dominican crisis. The text of the statement was drafted by State Department and NSC officials on the morning of Friday, May 19. Vance and some of his associates thought that the language was too harsh, but Carter accepted it. The same day he issued a declaration that he was "seriously concerned" about the electoral events in the Dominican Republic and was in touch with Latin American presidents and the Organization of American States. He said the US would be watching the situation, adding that "the degree of our country's support for the Dominican government will depend upon the integrity of the election process." Carter didn't say it, but US support for the Dominican Republic includes $21 million in economic aid programmed for the current year, which might have been cut off.

But Balaguer had caved in even before Carter's

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statement. Troops were withdrawn from the polling stations late May 18, and the vote counting resumed. Later that night, he went on television to promise that the results of the elections would be respected. Carter went ahead with his tough statement anyway, to make sure that the Dominican generals didn't develop any ideas of their own. The administration knew that despite Balaguer's concession, military leaders, as one official put it, were "still conspiring" and telling American diplomats that Guzmán was a dangerous leftist whose PRD party was infiltrated by Communists. Though the American press had been initially describing Guzmán as a "leftist," an experienced US diplomat described him as a "Teddy Kennedy type."

Balaguer began freely giving vent to his bitterness against the US. Pro-government newspapers spoke of "US intervention," and Balaguer personally made this point in a conversation with the mayor of Miami, Maurice Ferré. What Carter did in the Dominican Republic does, of course, raise the question of a US interference in Dominican domestic affairs. But American officials take the view that the US has the sovereign right to refuse "support" to governments of whose policies it disapproves. The Carter policy, which isn't always consistent, is that aid should be given principally to democratic regimes.

Commendable as the rescue of Dominican democracy appears to be, particularly in light of the past US record there, Carter is open to criticism for releasing economic aid funds to Nicaragua, where the opposition is engaged in a bloody battle with the Somoza dictatorship, and to Chile, where President Augusto Pinochet runs a very repressive regime.

The issue of aid to dictatorial countries remains highly controversial in the Carter administration. One view is that so-called "basic human needs" assistance should be maintained and that, in the long run, it encourages democracy. The controversy is not likely to be resolved soon, but Jimmy Carter's action in the Dominican crisis points to the kind of policies emerging in the administration. Antonio Guzmán can thank Carter if, as expected, he is inaugurated as president of the Dominican Republic on August 16. And, ironically, Balaguer will be the first elected Dominican president ever to turn over the government to a freely elected successor.

Tad Szulc

Argentina Today, I

The Legacy of Perón

by Peter Witonski

The chaotic political disorder of Argentina today is part of the Peronist legacy, as well as the even older legacy of Argentine history. Domingo Faustino Sarmiento wrote in 1842,

> *The Argentine* caudillo *is a Mohammed who could change the dominant religion at will and set up a new one in its stead. He is omnipotent. His injustice is a misfortune for his victim, but it is not considered an abuse, because the* caudillo *is permitted to be unjust. Indeed, he must necessarily be unjust. He has always been so.*

The late Juan Domingo Perón was the quintessential Latin American *caudillo: el Líder, el Jefe, el Compañero.* He was, at various times, the champion of the *cabecitas negras* (the slum-dwellers of Buenos Aires) and the defender of their landlords; a socialist, a capitalist, a Marxist, a fascist; a devout Catholic, an ex-communicated Catholic; a revolutionary, a counterrevolutionary; a populist, a reactionary—among other things. He borrowed his ideas freely from the other dictators and ideologues of his generation. In retrospect, he reminds one of an uneasy amalgam of Hitler, Stalin, Franco, Ataturk and Beatrice Webb. He was also a thief who robbed his countrymen blind; a sexual adventurer whose acts of dissipation included the seduction of 13-year-old girls ("I'm not superstitious," he joked); and a brutal tyrant who disposed of his enemies with ruthless efficiency. "Perón is the air we breathe, Perón is our sun, Perón is life," his second wife, Evita, enthused in her book, *La Razón de mi Vida.*

Peter Witonski is a historian and political scientist, and is the author of *The Wisdom of Conservatism* (Arlington House).

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The eclectic ideology he dubbed *justicialismo* was equally multifarious. It appealed, or seems to have appealed, to virtually every hue of the ideological spectrum—from the fanatical Montonero guerrillas on the far left to the fascist gunmen of the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance on the far right. His followers included an incongruous assortment of orthodox Communists, conservative businessmen, trade unionists, moderate churchmen and dedicated Nazis. He himself was never easy to pin down. "If I define, I exclude," he once declared. The bulk of his support came from the *guarangos*, those Argentines who were beyond the social pale, and he dubbed them the *descamisados*, or shirtless ones. His mentor was Benito Mussolini. As a young officer he spent several years in Mussolini's Italy, where he received advanced military training, pondered the virtues of the corporate state and absorbed *il Duce*'s histrionic style. Long after Mussolini had been defeated and disgraced, Perón wrote, "Mussolini was the greatest man of our century, but he made some disastrous mistakes. I, who have had the advantage of witnessing what he did, shall follow in his footsteps without falling into his errors." He also admired Hitler, and in 1944, when it was clear to everyone else that Hitler was finished, Perón advised his countrymen to "Turn your eyes to the triumphant Germany of Hitler."

Perón was a kind of genius, but, as some of his countrymen were beginning to discover, his genius was for public relations, *not* governing. He ruled his factious country by playing class against class: the *oligarquía* against the *descamisados*, rural Argentines against urban Argentines, left-wing Peronists against right-wing Peronists. "*Al pueblo, los tangos los cantos yo*," was his way of saying, "I represent the general will because I call the people's tune." Ultimately this philosophy led to Perón's downfall in 1955 and to the downfall of Argentina. In a revealing letter to his friend Carlos Ibáñez, who became president of Chile in 1953, he came as close as he has ever come to explaining what *justicialismo* was all about. "Give to the people, especially the workers, all that is possible," he wrote. "When it seems to you that you are giving them too much, give them more. You will see the results. Everyone will try to scare you with the spectre of an economic collapse. But all of this is a lie. There is nothing more elastic than the economy which everyone fears because no one understands it."

Such was the essence of Perónism. It is an absurdly frivolous and idiotic philosophy, and yet Argentina cannot seem to get it out of its system. When the aged Perón was returned to power in 1973, after 18 years of exile, even he seemed to recognize that the problems he had created in the 1950s with his Thermidorian nostrums could not be solved by rhetoric alone; but, at the same time, he knew that he could not survive if he turned too far from the path of "authentic" Perónism. He found Argentina to be even more deeply divided than it had been at the time of his ouster. He abandoned some of his old methods and tried to enlist old opponents in the Armed Forces and the traditional political parties to aid him in unifying the country and bringing back some semblance of order to the shattered economy.

But the dictator could not undo the damage he had done in the 1950s, and Argentina became even more divided after his return. Indeed, on the very day of his triumphal return to Buenos Aires in 1973, fighting broke out between the extreme factions of his own movement, leaving many people dead or wounded; and the undeclared civil war that had plagued Argentina since his overthrow became even more intense. The aging dictator was no longer the man he once had been. With his yellow skin and black-stained hair, he looked more like a badly embalmed corpse than his country's savior. *El Líder* had become, simply, *el Viejo*; the orator who had once mesmerized the *descamisados* could barely be heard by the crowds that massed around the Casa Rosada (the Argentine White House) for his last speeches. When he died in bed in 1974 it was an anticlimax. But before dying Perón played one last joke on the people of Argentina: he arranged for his third wife, Isabel Martinez de Perón—a woman of mysterious origins, possessing no education to speak of and no political experience—to become the country's vice president, and, under the constitution, his successor as president.

Under Isabelita things went from bad to worse. Peronism ceased to be a political movement and became a kind of political gang, controlled by the sinister José Lopez Rega, a former traffic cop and fortune teller who flattered his way in the Peronist circle during the dictator's exile in Madrid. During Perón's last days the nefarious Lopez Rega followed him like a shadow and told him what to say. According to several witnesses, on the day of the dictator's death Lopez Rega tried to raise him from the dead by magic. Under the reign of Lopez Rega and Isabelita the so-called Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance, a goon squad financed by the Peronist movement, murdered opponents of the regime with brutal frequency. One criticized Mrs. Perón and Lopez Rega only in polite terms; to become too harsh meant certain physical injury. By the time Isabelita was finally overthrown in 1976 by the reluctant General Jorgé Videla, the nation was on the verge of collapse. Inflation had risen to close to 300 percent, and the government had been printing money so rapidly that its presses and coin-stamping machines had begun to break down from overwork.

Argentine historians and political scientists have long sought to explain why their country, despite its vast wealth, failed to develop a successful political tradition like the United States, the country the founders of Argentina most admired. "We Argentines have succeeded at everything except politics," the

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historian Julio Irazusta once told me. "Our failure to produce a viable political system has negated our other achievements and reduced us to the status of an inferior nation." Argentina is a land of plenty where survival is often precarious. The splendid parks and avenues of Buenos Aires abut the squalid *villas misérias*—the slums that provided Peronism with the bulk of its supporters. It is a sophisticated country, full of great universities and splendid cultural institutions—and yet in recent years it has been ruled by an ex-bargirl and a gaggle of generals whose intellectual limitations are apparent to anyone who bothers to listen to them. Argentina is a place where conservative Roman Catholicism still holds sway, and yet only a few years ago the most powerful official in the government was a necromancer who believed himself to be the reincarnation of Rasputin.

By the early 20th century visitors to Argentina were appalled by its failure to become a great nation. During the fabled *ochenta*—the Argentine Gilded Age that began in the 1880s—the eyes of the world turned toward Buenos Aires. The term "as rich as an Argentine"—inspired by the ostentatious habits of the cattle-breeding *oligarquía*—gained a wide currency in Europe. But riches did not bring political stability to Argentina. On the contrary, as new industries flourished and agriculture boomed, the fabric of Argentine society began to disintegrate. The old Creole society, dominated by the provincial *caudillo* and his loyal *peones*, began to collapse as the economy expanded. Massive foreign investments, particularly by the British, modernized the frontier, and waves of immigrants, primarily from Italy and Spain, transformed the texture of Argentine society.

Perhaps because so much of the old 19th century Argentine culture was washed away by immigration and modernization, 20th century Argentines have been rather cavalier in their treatment of existing institutions. For the Argentines, the military coup is a predictable occurrence, like elections in this country. They do not expect much from their *caudillos*, and historically they have never received much from them. Perón was the one exception. Although he was in many ways a typical Argentine military *caudillo*, he aroused more passion in his people than any *caudillo* before him. Those who hated him hated him to the point of never uttering his name; those who loved him burned religious candles beneath his effigy.

Two factors, above all, distinguish Perón from his predecessors. The first was his championing of the Argentine working class, which had long been ignored. As minister of labor in the *junta* that seized power in 1943, he transformed the moribund General Confederation of Workers into one of the most powerful central labor unions in the world, making it his main power base; and he initiated drastic reforms in working conditions, ordered pay raises and enforced collective bargaining. All of this made Perón very popular; but his most important asset was his partnership with the woman who became his second wife—Eva Duarte. Before meeting Perón Evita was already an established performer in B movies, and the star of a weekly radio soap opera. She was attractive, determined and very ambitious. These were all qualities Perón lacked. She also understood the common people, and possessed political instincts that no professional soldier could hope to have. She combined the qualities of a beautiful fashion model with those of a secular madonna and a Tammany Hall ward heeler. When Perón became president she was only 25. She had risen from humble origins and had come to hate the old *oligarquía*, which she blamed for her childhood poverty. The poor were her constituency (it is said that she knew thousands of Buenos Aires slum-dwellers by name), and her power lay in her ability to remain in touch with them in a way that her husband could never hope to do. Quite often she would wander through the *villas misérias* of Buenos Aires simply tossing small bundles of money at the poor who flocked to her side. She gave them a sense of dignity even as her husband's policies lowered their already low standard of living; and the poor, for their part, made Evita into a kind of goddess. When she died of cancer in 1952, at the age of 33, Peronism lost its most powerful weapon.

Under the influence of Evita, Perón began an era of reform that revolutionized Argentine society. He gave women the vote, he gave the workers a 48-hour week and 13 months' pay for 12 months' work. He established a minimum wage, he set up elaborate public works projects, and he greatly expanded social services. At the same time, however, he totally ignored the agricultural sector of the economy (which was then as now the backbone of Argentina) and, at great cost, he nationalized industries simply because they belonged to his enemies. He also began a reign of terror that has poisoned political debate in Argentina to the present day.

Perón was finally ousted in 1955, but only after he had ruined the economy, tortured and imprisoned thousands of his fellow countrymen and been excommunicated by the Catholic Church—a development that cost him dearly, even among the *descamisados*. The series of military and civilian governments that ruled Argentina in Perón's wake did little to improve matters, and as economic conditions worsened and political violence grew more savage the nastier aspects of his rule began to fade. The old dictator's popularity increased with each passing year, and by 1971 Argentines of all classes could look back to his regime with almost sentimental longing. The jailings and beatings were forgotten; only the memory of false prosperity remained. Even the leaders of the *oligarquía* had come to believe that Argentina could only be saved by Perón's return to power.

At first, in an attempt to calm the fears of the military

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and conservative elements of the *oligarquía*, he ruled through Hector Campora, a left-wing dentist who ran in Perón's place for president. But when Campora, in a fit of Jacobinical zeal, emptied Argentina's jails of both political prisoners and common criminals, Perón decided to dump him and run for the presidency himself. With his third wife, Isabelita, as his running-mate, he was easily elected. But his rule was short and his death was well timed. The economy was on the verge of ruin; the Montoneros, who had suspended their violent activities temporarily upon his return, were killing and kidnapping once again; and a guerrilla war was underway in Tucuman Province. His followers could always believe that he might have saved his country had he lived longer. Just as the 1955 coup enabled him to escape the consequences of his misrule, so his death rescued him from those same consequences in 1974. The responsibility for saving Argentina was shifted to his widow, a woman whose previous professional experience had been working as a hostess in clip joints like the Panama City night club where she met her husband during the early days of his exile.

The 1976 coup that ousted Isabelita and her corrupt government had been long awaited. For months the press had hinted that it was imminent. But even as her regime neared its end Isabelita did not want for supporters. She may have lacked Evita's passion, but, for the more ardent votaries of her husband, she remained their movement's symbol.

The generals saw clearly that Peronism would not be extinguished simply by overthrowing the Peronist government, a fact that explains their unwillingness to act sooner. The main reason for the military's caution, however, was ideological splintering that had developed in its own ranks during the short time since Perón's return. The Argentine military included every possible ideological faction. Some, like General Jorgé Videla, the chief of staff, were old-fashioned conservatives, whose views had been formed long ago during their days at the military academy. Many younger officers looked to Peru, where General Alvarado Velasco was fashioning a populist dictatorship under army control. There were other officers who admired the so-called Brazilian "solution," and even a few who derived inspiration from General Pinochet in Chile.

General Videla is clearly popular with the bulk of the people. Of course, his popularity has been aided by the temporary eclipse of the Peronist party. For the time being, Perón's henchmen—those who are still in the country—are keeping a low profile. The leaders of the other political parties, most of whom encouraged the military to overthrow Isabelita, are also quiet. But the people have not been quite so quiet. At the World Cup soccer championships in Buenos Aires last week, the crowds called for a return to Peronism. "We want the thieves back! We want the thieves!" they chanted.

The *junta* itself remains fragmented, but none of its members is willing to return the nation to civilian rule, and hence to Peronism. General Videla, who was reluctant to take power in the first place, has lately given the impression of enjoying his presidential duties. He has even talked about running as a "civilian," in the Brazilian mode. General Albano Harguindeguy, the regime's authoritarian interior minister, has said that the politicians will have to cool their heels for at least 10 years before being allowed to return to power. The most honest appraisal of the future was uttered by General Roberto Viola, the army chief of staff, when he promised, in an aside worthy of Perón himself, that democracy would be restored "when the circumstances are right."

The "right circumstances," as far as the *junta* is concerned, will not emerge until both political and economic order have returned, and that will clearly take a long time. To sustain their position and to achieve the pacification they promised the people, agents of the regime continue to hunt down urban guerrillas and those suspected of sympathizing with them. The Montoneros—the most powerful urban terrorist organization—have been dealt a series of devastating blows, but they continue to machine-gun businessmen and politicians and blow up their homes and cars. According to the Permanent Assembly on Human Rights, at least 6000 Argentines have been illegally seized by the authorities, while another 6000 have been arrested under more orthodox conditions. Actually, it is impossible to measure the number of people who have disappeared without a trace. The country's most famous political prisoner, Isabelita, is presently housed at a resort for officers and their wives, where she awaits her trial for misappropriating public funds. It is said that the symbol of the Peronist movement spends most of her time reading women's magazines and talking with the wives of visiting officers.

But the political oppression is of little concern to average Argentines. The economy worries them the most. Until recently, the *junta* was deeply divided over the policies advanced by their own minister of economy, the brilliant Dr. José Martinez de Hoz. As the regime's most powerful civilian, and as an intellectual with a formidable international reputation, Martinez de Hoz did not always see eye-to-eye with his military colleagues, none of whom possessed much knowledge of economics. Because he was forced to feed some bitter medicine to the country's sagging economy the generals tended to blame him for most of the nation's problems. The old civilian politicians, who would have never dreamed of criticizing the generals, attacked Martinez de Hoz with regularity for his refusal to avail himself of that old Peronist tool—the printing press. After a period of painful economic transition, the economy has begun to improve. Inflation is down dramatically—from over 400 percent in 1976 to 120 percent this year—and the economy is beginning to show signs of momentum.

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Still, Martinez de Hoz's sensible prescriptions are not popular with the people, who continue to prefer Perón's peculiar schemes. Martinez de Hoz is dispensing real medicine to a society addicted to laetrile. This may explain why Juan Perón continues to be venerated by most of his countrymen. He understood their penchant for symbolic gestures, and for almost 30 years—as an active figure in Argentine political life and as an exile—he pandered to their needs.

Today his leninized mummy rests in a secret vault outside of Buenos Aires, next to the expertly embalmed corpse of Evita. The Argentines, with their almost Slavic passion for necropolitics, speak of these two cadavers as if they somehow possessed the power to influence the Argentine scene today. Perhaps they do. Before Isabelita's ouster, the authorities planned to house Juan and Evita in a massive Peronist shrine, not unlike the great tomb constructed by the Soviets to house Lenin's corpse. The two tyrants were to be joined by the body of Juan Manuel Rosas, a brutal 19th century gaucho despot whose career was, in many ways, similar to Perón's. It was to have been one more reminder to the *descamisados* that their leader was still with them. The Argentines tolerate General Videla, but they will never love him the way they continue to love Perón. They want the thieves back, and they are prepared to bide their time until the moment is right for Peronism to return.

Argentina Today, II: The People are Afraid

Buenos Aires

San Justo is a ravaged, desolate suburb on the west side of Buenos Aires, a single large ruin made up of vacant lots, scrap metal dumps and heaps of garbage. Here and there lie the *complejos*, improbable structures, half housing projects, half shanty towns, planted seemingly by accident between two rock piles.

For a long time now, about 500 squatters have set themselves up there as best they can, mostly families of poor workers or the unemployed who subsist on $20 to $40 a month. In spite of this, they heroically resisted the intrusions of the police for a long time. Last March, for the first time, things went wrong and fascism made its way into the *campamiento*.

Anna M. is barely 30 years old, has a host of children; her face is already withered, pained, pathetic. She receives us in the tiny room into which the entire family is squeezed since the disappearance of her husband. "One day they came . . . not the police but men in civilian clothes with hoods over their faces. They smashed down the doors or blew up the locks with dynamite. Each time, they forced the women to strip. Sometimes they raped them, not all of them, only the young ones, always in front of their husbands and children. Then, they beat up everybody, brutally, as if they wanted to kill us, even the children, when they cried, or couldn't hold their hands up any longer, the poor things. And then, when they were through, they took away the man, one each time, 22 in all. That went on every day. They must have enjoyed coming back and frightening us again and again. It was terrible for us. You found yourself waiting for them, like friends you expect to visit on Sunday. And every time, you wonder if it is over this time, or will it happen again tomorrow. In the *complejo* we don't much like the police, but once a woman went to them to report what was going on. She never came back. Now, we simply wait. And we wait for her to come back. If you keep saying that, maybe it will help."

Where are these men and women today, these workers, simple people, who have become shadows since they were carried off by the private militia? They haven't been officially arrested; they have swelled the ranks of the phantom army that haunts the beautiful residential neighborhoods of Buenos Aires. Snatched out of their homes, from their families and tribes, already grown old in all probability, nameless and faceless, they literally no longer exist, except perhaps on some secret register in a jail infested with disease. This is approximately what I was told when I went with a list of names, accompanied by two lawyers, to the district police inspector. The police officer who saw us put on the most aggrieved air as he told me that I was talking about a band of terrorists who had gone underground. This is what I was also told by the publisher of a government-owned daily newspaper to whom I brought the same list. He was amused, however, a knowing expression on his face. For him there were no two ways about it: these guys from *Complejo* 17 were skirt chasers; they had simply taken off to take up their boyhood way of life again someplace else.

Robert Giudice, 50 years old, a businessman by profession, lives on Paraguay Street. He asked to see me and, despite my hesitations, begged me to use his name. We talked at the Sheraton Hotel, in a room that a Japanese sportswriter put at my disposal for important occasions when I preferred to avoid being overheard by indiscreet witnesses. He sat across from me, slumped in an armchair. I had the odd feeling that all the time he was speaking to me he neither saw me nor heard me. His voice was dull, monotonous, as if he were telling an anonymous story, separate from himself. And yet, he came to tell me his own experience, a horrifying story, almost beyond belief. It is the testimony of a dead man.

It all began one night last winter when a group of men burst into his house on Paraguay Street. Everybody was herded into a central room: Giudice and his wife, the three younger children, ages eight, nine and 11, and the oldest daughter, aged 22, whom they had come to find. The next day, when Giudice went to the police, they were barely willing to register his demand for habeas corpus. Your daughter, they told him, has undoubtedly been kidnapped by an underground group. We will find her

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eventually, on condition that you keep quiet and be patient. Months passed in an atmosphere that can well be imagined. Once in a while, a police officer came by to collect five or ten thousand pesos for meager and illusory "information." Then, one day, at the end of his rope, tired of trusting and hoping, Giudice cracked and, without a word to anyone, decided to make contact with the Ecumenical Commission on Human Rights. The reaction was immediate.

Giudice was kidnapped a week later, taken blindfolded to an abandoned house on the outskirts of the capital. There, he saw his daughter again: she was scarcely recognizable, battered, half her teeth missing, her body covered with bruises, gashed on the neck, the loins, the breasts where the torturers attached the electrodes. And then began a nightmare before his very eyes, the eyes of a father sick with pain and despair: a rat introduced through the vagina into the girl's womb.

I have been assured that there have been thousands of such tragedies in the past two years. There is not a single Argentinian, I was told by an architect in Rosario, who has not been affected in some way or other. And yet it is rare for anyone to speak to you spontaneously about it. It is difficult to bring the subject up without seeing even the most open faces close up immediately. "No. I don't know anything. I don't want to talk about it." A determination to forget; a passion for ignorance. This is what strikes me most in the men and women I meet. And this is true of all of them, *Videlistas* as well as those in the opposition, the young and the old, intellectuals and simple people.

It's tough nowadays in any case to get a "progressive" to talk; most bury themselves, brooding, ruminating in silence on their share of the shame and the disgust. Only a troublemaker tries to talk politics to a taxi driver, who is well-informed but icily noncommittal, his eyes dark and his expression tense as soon as the matter is brought up. This is not prewar Germany where some people probably didn't know the extent of the Nazi atrocities. This is something else, a more complex sentiment, a deaf determination to repress the horror, to live inside oneself without dreaming, to live as if this were only a bad dream that didn't concern you. The result is a climate of somewhat forced gaiety, an impression of an easy and artificial life which the passing tourists find so evident. It is true that the streets of Buenos Aires are crowded until dawn, that the cafés and restaurants remain open all night. But I believe that, behind the clamor, in the dark caves of this cellophane-wrapped dictatorship, there resides a prodigious, painful opposition.

In Buenos Aires, the people are afraid; afraid of themselves, afraid of others, afraid of today and of tomorrow. It is an undefinable fear, without any object and without any "reason," like a cancer that gnaws at them, that twists their bodies and faces. For example, they are afraid to talk: I was having dinner one evening with a famous physician, close to one of the members of the governing *junta*, probably untouchable, and in any case a *Videlista*. I told him about my visit to San Justo, asked his advice, suggested he might even intervene, when all of a sudden, right in the middle of dinner, he pretended to have an urgent call and left me without warning, his expression drawn and rigid. He had become pitiable, a man suddenly afraid of talking too much, afraid of words as such, of their strange and malevolent powers.

Thus, a professor of philosophy, an original *Peronista*, told me about the deceitfulness with which he masked his courses; of how he surprised himself sometimes by saying Aristotle instead of Marx, Shakespeare instead of Lenin. There is a fear of thinking, yes even of thinking, as if even then this "subversive spirit" that the generals of Videla are laboring to run into the earth might come out.

An even more telling experience: I met and talked at length with a young industrialist, somewhat to the left, who made the strangest, the most incredible request: that I agree to record a false interview in which he would praise the military regime. Not for publication, of course, but just in case, you never know, if something unfortunately might happen to him.

I also saw a politician, close to Admiral Massera, expounding and discoursing like an expert, suddenly go to pieces, flush and look haggard because the waiter had just told him that a plain-clothes policeman was seated behind him. When a people has reached the point that survival of one man has to depend on a talisman he would carry and the pride of another is based only on superstition, fascism has already triumphed.

In Buenos Aires, the police force is everyone and no one. It is in the streets, and in people's heads. It is the pretty waitress who lowers her voice when you approach. It is the neighbor beyond the apartment wall, who may be listening to you and may one day save his skin by handing you over to the torturers. It is that mass of men and women who have swapped their sidearms and gold braid for civilian clothes for 1000 or 2000 pesos . . . their misery in the midst of misery, an almsgiving for their humiliation. The police force is also this anonymous passenger, a would-be informer probably, on the plane from Paris, who pretends to have seen me hide some compromising documents, and who hastens to make this known on landing. Are these details? Yes, details without importance perhaps, but taken together they form the tissue of a police state.

At the airport, to welcome me, there were five policemen who questioned me for five hours. They were correct, very correct. They were search zealots, simply, in the freezing main room of the police headquarters at Ezeiza where, between the cold and the length of time, I almost lost my assurance. They were suspicious zealots also: "Ah, your name is Lévy? And your nationality, French, you say? But Lévy is a Jewish name. . . ." There are signs that can't be contradicted. For example, in Buenos Aires the *Nouvel Observateur* and the reports of Amnesty International are "subversive and compromising" documents. A member of the French embassy told me that the secret police probably followed me from Paris, watching my moves, the places I went, my contacts with my friend Marek Halter who tried to organize a worldwide boycott of World Cup soccer matches in Argentina. The details don't make any great difference; they are routine undoubtedly, but they establish the atmosphere.

In general, terror in Argentina is not as massively and horrifyingly evident as it is seen to be from afar. It is an infinitely more diffuse system, refined and hidden. My interviewee V. seemed to know all about it. He even claimed to have had a hand, at the beginning of his career, in building the famous School of Maritime Engineering, 300 yards from the stadium. "Here is where the prisoners are kept in small, highly mobile units. They are never tortured for long in the same place. The same thing for the torturers; they aren't allowed to torture the same prisoners for too long. There is constant turnover. Because some day we'll have had enough. They don't want to allow us the possibility of knowing each other too well, of getting together, of talking about it."

This is what could be called the Ar-

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gentine model. No concentration camps like Pinochet's in Chile; no crowded, barbed-wired stadium. But small installations, caves or apartments, 60 in all for Buenos Aires, scattered in the outskirts. And floating torture chambers, like the ship *Bahia Aguirra* in the harbor. In short, a kind of archipelago whose geography grows more and more sophisticated.

Not infrequently, in order to confuse the trail, prisoners are transferred, in small groups, without any apparent reason, from one center to another. Sometimes they are even "freed" in twos or threes, only to be met at the gate of the prison by a new team that takes them to a new center. The penal administration can then prove, on the basis of the records, that the missing persons left their cells safe and sound. Even though at that very moment they are rotting in some cave under constant torture.

This is what probably happened to two French nuns. Sister Léonie and Sister Alice, when first arrested, were taken to a detention center under the jurisdiction of General Suarez Massone's first army corps. A week later, they were transferred to the School of Maritime Engineering. From there, they were very quickly moved to an unknown destination. According to V., this traffic in prisoners is based on the rivalry that presently affects the governing groups in the *junta*. The various groups trade prisoners like pledges, signs . . . of war or friendship, depending on your point of view.

Bernard-Henri Lévy

Bernard-Henri Lévy is the author of *La barbarie à visage humain* (Grasset) and leader of the "new philosophers." This article was translated from the French by *Leonard Mayhew*.

It's time for America to re-invent Europe.

The Old World in Washington

by Henry Fairlie

It was curious to snoop around the recent NATO meetings in Washington: like taking a journey back, not 3000 miles across the Atlantic, but over almost three decades to the 1950s. The more I looked from afar at the ministers and officials and from closer up at some of the journalists who were accompanying them, the more they all seemed to be men of pale blue eyes and steel gray hair, with the wintry gaze of those who have seen too much of fear and failure at the heart of the Old World, all of them carrying briefcases so thin that they must have contained only one *very important* document. I had especially forgotten how much the European journalist is like the European official. They seem to be interchangeable; and given the press in Europe, as likely as not they are.

Why do the German journalists always go about in pairs, like the German officers in old war movies, talking intently to each other but looking straight ahead, as if they are always ready to come to attention? Why do the French journalists look as if they all went to the *École Nationale Supérieure*, and now belong to the *Quai d'Orsay* rather than report on it, speaking excitably to each other as if reading communiqués that announce yet another *demarche*? Why do the Italian journalists all appear to be so impeccably dressed, with the odor of Roman after-shave clinging to them, but also with an air of moral disreputableness, as if they had taken just one more bribe than was really necessary? As for the Canadian press room at the Capital Hilton, no one in it ever seemed to talk to anyone else, which I put down to the failure of Mr. Trudeau's policy of bilingualism. But the main impression throughout was of *déja vu*.

This is not surprising. Not much in Europe has changed in the 20 years since the Common Market was founded or even the 30 years since NATO was created. (This is a considerable tribute to Europe's success in foiling the Russians.) Europe has recovered from the devastation of war; its various countries have worked in different degrees their economic miracles; it generally shares the affluence of the developed world. But that is really all. It is odd today to think that Britain once pleaded and wheedled to gain entry to the Common Market, and that Charles de Gaulle used all his Gallic effrontery to keep Britain out. What did it all matter? Today there is no European Community in the sense that was envisaged, in spite of the proliferation of the organizations: the European Coal and Steel *Community*, the European Defense *Community*, the European Economic *Community*, the European *Community* for Atomic Energy. The one organization that has unquestionably been a success is NATO, and that is because the United States is a member of it and its leader.

Yet we cannot conceive of the world without this

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little peninsula that juts out from the great land mass of Eurasia. "Europe neither includes a superpower," Ralf Dahrendorf has said, "nor is it a superpower itself"; yet it is still big and wealthy and energetic enough to be the real cockpit of the world, the continent over which the two superpowers are in the last resort contending. Europe is still immensely productive and a ravenous consumer of the world's products. The commerce of the world would shrivel without it. In 400 years it roamed and subdued the rest of the world, and even now when it is weakened it still darts across the globe. Not only the French like to get into planes and drop their paratroopers. Dying Europe! Deathless Europe! Barbarians have invaded it; armies have crossed and recrossed it, but it never seems to exhaust its energy.

An American official said the other day that Europe had again become a subject of primary concern—European communism, European elections, European defense, European terrorism—because the United States has returned from almost two decades of preoccupation with Asia: returned to find that the continent that is the very foundation of its policies is leaderless. America must now provide that leadership, after leaving Europe for so long to itself. If that renewed interest is sustained as it was 30 years ago when, in Dean Acheson's words, America was "present at the creation," it could be the occasion for this country to rethink its own purpose and destiny. America needs to be more often among its friends. For we must not forget what NATO was intended to be, and what it still clearly is 30 years later. It is the democracies of the world in alliance—the so few democracies the world has known—and this must always be the keystone of American policy.

One of the great Europeans of this century, Ortega y Gasset, said that the European peoples are like a swarm, "innumerable bees but a single flight." It is their vitality that has been their mark, and Europe is not so much sick as slack just now, slack from the long disuse of its energies. Everyone is agreed that its individual nations are suffering from their own crises of identity, but the crisis of identity of Europe as a whole is perhaps the real source of the trouble. Dean Acheson made the British wince when he said that "Britain has lost an empire, and not yet found a role." In the 22 years that have elapsed since Suez it has become clear that his words apply just as forcefully to Europe as a whole.

There is no political community of Europe. Europeanism has proved to be little more than a way to get rich. The European system of course began to collapse when "the guns of August" began to fire in 1914, and Edward Grey said in the House of Commons, "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime." But what is disheartening is that after 60 years not one of the lamps has been relit. None of the initiatives that has been taken since 1945, either by Europeans themselves or with American leadership, has brought into being a political community to replace the old European system, or shown any likelihood of doing so.

But let us turn for a moment from the swarm to the bees. There are really two Western Europes, the "Latin" and the "Nordic," which have fertilized and resisted each other for centuries. Beyond them lie yet other Europes: the "Slav" and the "Magyar" and the "Baltic." Outside them also lies Britain, which *Le Monde* once called the aircraft carrier of Europe, imploring it to stay outside the continent so that it could again come to Europe's rescue in the future. These differences are crucial. One would not know from most American comments—and even from some European ones—that the phenomenon known as "Eurocommunism," insofar as it exists, is to be found only in the Latin countries—France and Italy and Spain—and that the most significant fact about these countries, which bears importantly on the question of Eurocommunism, is that they are fundamentally anarchic. "There can be no *coup d'état*," an Italian politician is quoted as saying recently, "because the state does not exist." That remark is very Latin.

Luigi Barzini is a pessimist about his country. "The Italian nation is immortal, it will live forever," he said recently, "but not the Italian state." One has to ask when the Italian state has ever had much of a life: even the dictatorship of Mussolini was rather rough and ready and desultory. When an American liberal like Mary McGrory accuses the Italians of "chronic passivity and a lack of political activism"—when she even goes so far as to say that Italy has "no Common Cause and no Ralph Nader," two lacks which make Italy seem to some of us the most blessed of nations—she is simply describing and misunderstanding a political tradition which is the opposite of that in the United States. Political authority in Italy is highly decentralized, and in some prosperous districts the Communists have won office. But if they were ever in the position to take over the central government, they would only find like others that there is not much to take over.

Even when the state apparatus is as strong and entrenched as in France—Paris stretching out its tentacles to the most remote *hôtel de ville*, and even to what is still very much French Equatorial Africa—the central authority is still regarded as something to be pertinaciously evaded, with as scant respect as Parisian taxi drivers show for the traffic regulations. "How can you govern a country," de Gaulle once asked in exasperation, "which makes 210 varieties of cheese?" The French always save themselves from carrying their logical systems to their logical conclusions by their irrepressible exercise of their illogical tempers. French Communists are still first French.

Italy and France, then, and of course Spain. Everyone is suddenly excited about Spain. But this third of the Latin countries shows every sign of reverting to its

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traditionally ungovernable frame of mind. Franco's dictatorship lasted so long in part because the Spaniards have been dodging their central government since the death of Philip II. So where else in Europe is Eurocommunism? *Commentary* not long ago saw fit to publish an article by an excitable English journalist on the danger of "Anglocommunism," but this must qualify for the most improbable example of political imagination run riot since the war. One wonders what it is that the "Anglocommunists" are meant to take over, how anyone can believe that they could capture the civil service, or the BBC, or the London police force, or Buckingham Palace, or Princess Margaret, or for that matter the Marylebone Cricket Club. In the fourth largest country of Western Europe—West Germany—the Communist Party is tiny. And where is the Eurocommunism in the rest of "Nordic" Europe: in Sweden and Norway, Denmark and Holland and Belgium, in Ireland and Luxembourg? Perhaps there is a threat of Communism in Monaco, which has not been reported, but surely we can rely on Princess Grace to meet it.

The individual nations are able to govern themselves with the resourcefulness needed to sustain their economic and social life. (The present trouble for their economies is part of a world-wide problem.) But what is lacking in all this activity is any feel of the place that each nation should hold in the world. This is the cause of the crisis of identity from which they are suffering: a crisis that afflicts the parties of each country as well as the nations themselves. Writing after the last outbreak of terrorism in West Germany, Ralf Dahrendorf said that no German has any idea of what Germany is, what it is meant to be and do in the world. The same can be said of Germany's neighbors. That such vigorous and restless peoples with such long histories of achievement—used to leaving their shores and carrying their ideas round the world with their commerce—should now be in such a plight must inevitably result in a general lethargy of spirit and the specific mischievousness of the extremist. Europe at first was Christendom and then it was Empire, and as such was the guardian and missionary of its civilization. But now there is no Christendom and no Empire. Those among its young who want to know what they are in the world, as Germans or Italians, and how they can act upon it with meaning to it and them, take up their guns.

It has been the curse of the movement for European unification that from the beginning the emphasis has been on economic unity, so that a great part of the political genius of Europe has been exhausted in haggling about the price of tomatoes. The great fear of both the left-wing and the right-wing opponents of Britain's entry into the Common Market was that it would drain the life from the native political institutions of each country. This is what Hugh Gaitskell meant when he said that, if Britain joined the Common Market, it would bring to an end a thousand years of history. In fact this has happened. The political life of each country has been stultified, while no political life has been breathed into the European Community.

Political debate in Europe has never been so shallow and dispirited. The very fact that the "new philosophers" of France are considered to be either "philosophers" or "new" is a sign of how low the flame of political debate now burns in a country where it was once incandescent. What innovative idea or insight or even ancient wisdom has been heard in recent years from Britain or West Germany? One only has to read the European press to see that its political vocabulary is now almost all imported from America, where the political debate has raged furiously and fruitfully for the past two decades with an immediate impact on what the politicians do and the people think. One reason for this is that the United States is large enough to sustain a strong political life in the face of its rivals in the economic sphere; and it is hard to see how the political life of Europe can be revitalized until it is willing to create a federal authority of equal scope and the capacity to resist its rivals.

The renewed activity of Russia and the evidence of her military preparations make this a time for basic propositions. America must make it clearer than for many years that the security of Europe and the reinforcement of NATO are at the forefront of its concerns. This proclamation of intention and will—which should come not only from the president but from the leaders of Congress—would challenge Europe to do more for itself. In face of the renewed threat from Russia, the unpreparedness of the NATO forces is shocking. At least that was acknowledged in Washington, where there were the first signs that America was assuming again the active leadership of the alliance, and that Europe's slack spirit could be rallied. But the kind of understanding and cooperation that must be envisaged, if the moment is not to be wasted, cannot rely merely on the conventional consultations of NATO, or on those between America and individual countries. It is time for an imaginative re-invention of the institutions of the Atlantic Alliance, and that means also an imaginative re-invention of the institutions of the European Community. America must incite Europe into forming strong political institutions of its own, by making it clear that it wishes to use those institutions for greater consultation and cooperation. If it is to revitalize Europe as it must, it needs to call Europe to act with it.

It will be said that there are hints in this of a revival of the Cold War, but this is to attach labels from the past to circumstances and needs that are now changed. If anything, it would be a return to the character of the alliance before it was shattered at Suez by the collusion of Russia and America. The plain truth is that the West and not just America is facing a period when it will have to be more interventionist again. We should not be

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afraid to speak of intervention. As Talleyrand put it, non-intervention is the same thing as intervention, and it can be just as dangerous. We have been reminded of not only the interests of Europe in Africa but also its presence and its experience. This is exactly the kind of situation in which the institutions both of Europe and of the Atlantic alliance should yield more than a series of disjointed responses by the West. As James Callaghan said in Washington, there seem to be a lot of Christopher Columbuses in America setting out to discover Africa. America should remember that, insofar as Africa is more than a conglomeration of tribes, it is the invention of Europe and still essentially an extension of it. There are regions in the world where America needs the regular counseling and cooperation of a Europe whose will has again been galvanized.

The importance of this to America itself lies in the resumption not only of cooperation but of its discourse with Europe. It cannot go on talking primarily to countries that do not understand freedom, as it and Europe do, and that do not have the cunning and the will to preserve it against all the odds. It is not good for the United States to be constantly adjusting its vocabulary, and so its ideas, to the languages of countries that have known only various forms and degrees of arbitrary rule. Something grows slack in the perceptions of presidents and presidential advisers if they address themselves too anxiously to nations that are not democracies. The countries of Europe are the friends of America because they are democracies, and because they are democracies they will remain America's only reliable friends. That is why the dialogue with Europe needs to be resumed on a grand scale, why Europe needs to be re-invented. If this moment is not seized it may not come again in a lifetime. Perhaps never.

The Shah's biggest worry is a right-wing Moslem backlash.

Iran's Queasy Modernization

by Morton Kondracke

Tehran

The chador is a long heavy garment, usually funeral-black, that women traditionally are expected to wear in Shi'ite Moslem Iran. It covers the hair, envelops the body and, when clasped in a woman's teeth, conceals most of her face. Its shape is different from the veils that Sunni Moslem women wear over their heads and faces in some Arab countries, but its social functions are the same. It shields a woman's modesty in accordance with the commands of the Koran and it serves to symbolize her historic subordination and subjugation by men. In Iran in the 1920s, Reza Shah Pahlavi, father of the present Shah, decreed that women were to be emancipated. In 1934 he tried to make it illegal for women to wear the *chador*. He made education available for girls as well as boys and opened up medical and law schools to women. The present Shah, Mohammad Reza, has extended the emancipation process, giving women the right to vote and hold office.

And yet, if you walk down even the swankest and most up-to-date shopping streets in Tehran, close to a quarter of the women you see will have *chadors* clutched around them. In south Tehran, where traditional culture is stronger, probably three-fourths of the women are in *chador*, and in some rural areas it is a rare and courageous woman who does not wear it. According to Iranians and American observers, wearing of the *chador* is on the increase and is occurring even on the university campuses, where women's attendance is one of the key accomplishments of the emancipation process.

The comeback of the *chador* is one sign of a resurgence of Moslem fundamentalism that poses a challenge—if not a threat—to the Shah. Right-wing Moslems have been demonstrating against the Shah all year and the demonstrations led to riots in Qom and Tabriz during January and February in which more than 100 people were killed, mostly by panicked or trigger-happy police. Some women are thought to be wearing the *chador* to demonstrate sympathy with the rioters. Others apparently are coerced into wearing it, while still others are caught up in an Islamic revival that seems to be sweeping Iran and other Moslem countries. In Pakistan, the super-purist military government has

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banned Hollywood movies and is reinstituting hand amputation as a punishment for theft. In Egypt, the far-right Moslem Brotherhood has reappeared, ostensibly foreswearing politics, but still organizing at mosques and on university campuses. There are signs of the revival in Turkey, too.

In some cases Islamic fundamentalism is being encouraged and financed from abroad—from Saudi Arabia, Libya or Iraq. It is hard to tell whether the revival will have any significance in international politics. Some fundamentalist literature in Iran contains anti-Jewish slogans; one of the Shah's responses to Islamic pressure has been to threaten to cut off oil to Israel if the United Nations calls on him to do so. But Western diplomats think the threat is empty, since the United States certainly would veto any proposed oil embargo in the UN Security Council. More important than its international causes and effects, according to Western experts, the fundamentalist trend reflects disappointment and disillusionment with Western-style modernization and an attempt by culture-shocked societies to return to familiar values. Turkey feels rejected by the West because of its conflict with Greece, and is turning inward. Egypt has failed to build a modern economy. Pakistan is in political chaos.

In Iran, the magnet of money has drawn waves of unskilled rural men into the cities, where they find jobs that give them far higher wages than they could earn in their villages but still too little to pay inflated big city rents and to afford other urban luxuries that they see the middle class enjoying. At the same time, these internal immigrants are culturally disoriented, boggled at seeing women wearing what they consider indecently revealing Western clothing and encountering other evidence of "looseness": freely available liquor, gambling casinos and billboards featuring women in bras and panties to advertise Italian sex movies.

These young men attach themselves to the mosque, according to Western experts, in order to maintain some stability in their lives. They become foot soldiers of the conservative Islamic clergy, the *Mullahs*, who historically have been both political allies of the Shah and bitter foes of his policies. They (and the American CIA) helped save the Shah's throne in 1953, after he was forced into exile by the left-wing National Front headed by Mohammed Mossadegh and strongly influenced by the Communist *Tudeh* party. Yet in the 1960s the *Mullahs* and their allies, the rich land-owning families, were the principal opponents of the Shah's decree to redistribute agricultural land among the peasantry. In 1963, rioting over land reform and women's rights led to the exile to Iraq of the religious leader, Ayatollah Khomayni, whose followers are said to be fomenting some of the current unrest in Iran. Another leader is Ayatollah Kazen Shariatmadry, a resident of Qom, who is urging restoration of religious control over education (which the Shah did away with) and strict observance of Iran's constitution, which technically gives the *Mullahs* a veto over laws they deem contrary to Islamic teaching.

The conservative Moslems are only one of several sources of distress for the Shah. Government officials claim that Moslem groups have been secretly infiltrated by Communist agents and that a curious coalition has formed: "Islamic Marxists," government officials call them, or "an unholy alliance of red and black reaction." Western diplomats claim they can find little evidence of cooperation between Marxists and Moslems, but they do not deny that left-wingers, including remnants of the National Front and the outlawed *Tudeh*, may have taken advantage of conservative unrest to magnify the Shah's woes.

Meanwhile the Shah also is worried about real and potential Soviet advances in Afghanistan, Pakistan, the Horn of Africa and the Arabian peninsula. The Shah believes that the oil fields of the Persian Gulf are the target of a Soviet "pincer" movement and that the Soviets are still pursuing the historic Russian imperial aim of establishing warm-water naval bases on or near the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean. Some government officials go so far as to claim that Soviet agents are stirring up trouble inside Iran to prevent the Shah from taking action to thwart the Soviets abroad. Western diplomats write this off to traditional Iranian paranoia about Russia, but they acknowledge that Iran has reasons for being paranoid. Russian armies have invaded Iran no fewer than six times since 1909. A Hitler-Stalin agreement in 1940 specified that "the area south of Batum and Baku in the general direction of the Persian Gulf is recognized as the center of the aspirations of the Soviet Union." After World War II Soviet troops occupied two Iranian provinces until forced to retreat under US and UN pressure.

Now however the Shah is worried that the US is too rattled by its Vietnam and Watergate traumas to stand up to Soviet expansion. He reportedly wanted to give arms he had received from the United States to Somalia for use against pro-Soviet Ethiopia, but our government refused permission to make the transfer. It is nearly impossible for American reporters to interview the Shah or any of his foreign policy advisers without receiving bitter commentary on Soviet ambitions and US failure to support friends in resisting.

Many Iranian officials also are disturbed at what they and US diplomats consider the "bum rap" that Iran is receiving in the American press, largely as a result of uncritical acceptance of accusations leveled by Iranian students that the Shah is a reactionary, a militarist, an employer of torturers and a tool of imperialism. Iranian and US officials claim that the demonstrators who wear cardboard masks and run around chanting "death to the Shah" in the US represent a tiny—but professionally orchestrated—fraction of the 30,000 Iranians studying now in US institutions. Yet this group has convinced

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the press and a segment of the liberal public that the Shah and his security service, the *Savak*, are ruthless and systematic oppressors of the Iranian people. Even though Jimmy Carter and all his recent predecessors have maintained warm relations with the Shah and have considered him as the United States peacekeeping proxy in the Persian Gulf, many Americans apparently wonder whether a man with the Shah's reputation is anybody the US ought to be allied with. In addition, the best-selling novel, *The Crash of '79*, has fostered an image of the Shah as a power-mad crackpot bent on controlling all the oil in the Middle East.

All things considered, the Shah does not deserve the evil image he has acquired in the United States. But still, his human rights record is far from pristine. There are at least 2000 political prisoners in Iran, including bonafide urban terrorists and others whose only offense, according to US officials, is having had the wrong books in their libraries. (*The Crash of '79* is not banned, incidentally, but no one has dared invest money to have it translated into Farsi and put on sale here.) Even some government officials admit that the *Savak* has engaged in physical torture. They defend the practice as having been necessary to combat terrorism, and claim that since last year torture has been replaced by "more sophisticated psychological methods" of interrogation. Despite its brutal reputation in the US the *Savak* is viewed as a necessary institution in Iran. "Considering our open borders with the Soviet Union and the possibilities for subversion, and considering the threats we have faced from terrorism in the past," an Iranian said, "I think we wouldn't have a country if we didn't have *Savak*."

Ever since his battles with Parliament over land reform in the early 1960s, the Shah has had little use for democracy or for Iran's constitutional niceties. As a result the Shah has been able to accomplish an impressive modernization program, known as the "Shah to people revolution" without having to contend with organized opposition. But the absence of democracy now is causing considerable chafing in Iran's middle class. About 100,000 Iranians go abroad to study each year, most of them in democratic countries. When they return home, they find a one-party political system whose legislature is little more than a rubber stamp for the government and where, until recently, it has been all but impossible for serious issues in society to be discussed in public. Supporters of the Shah claim that Iran, with an illiteracy rate still above 50 percent, is still too backward for democracy and also that it is too beset with enemies to permit wide-open debate.

Some improvements are taking place under a liberalization policy that has been in effect for more than a year. Government officials say it will not be abandoned as a result of this year's riots. The press, formerly totally cowed, now is being encouraged to criticize government ministers and their policies, though it is still out of bounds to challenge the Shah and his works. As a result, slashing editorials are printed in the newspapers against nepotism, inefficiency and even outright corruption among high-level bureaucrats, but they still gush about the Shah, as an all-wise and benevolent master. Much of Iran's educated middle class really believes that corruption extends to some of the Shah's closest cronies and that the Shah, having involved himself deeply in practically every phase of government, is to blame for its shortcomings. The inability of anybody to say freely what everybody believes privately only makes people more cynical and restive. The middle class has much to thank the Shah for, perhaps including its very existence, but many of its members seem secretly pleased at the trouble the conservative Moslems have been causing him.

Supposedly the Shah intends to retire partially from his role as chief executive of the government, and to allow his ministers more responsibility for running the country as well as more of the blame for what goes wrong. But the Shah is not a retiring person. He is in fact almost a comic opera character whose tendencies toward self-aggrandizement are a main cause of the middle class malaise. It is hard to turn anywhere in Tehran without seeing a picture of the Shah in one of his various costumes. Sometimes he is shown wearing a ceremonial robe and crown. Other times he is an admiral or general festooned in sashes, medals and epaulets. In yet other poses he is on maneuvers with his troops; or in mufti, pondering diplomatic cables or playing the loving husband and father.

He has had himself designated "king of kings" (*Shahanshah*) and "light of the Aryans." One cannot travel a mile, it seems, without encountering a street, college, memorial or expressway that is named after him or a member of his family. In a modernization move, the Shah recently has cut back on the number of days when his people are to show him homage. Instead of six days of public obsequies per year, henceforth there will be only two. In his presence, his subjects are required to bow deeply and back away, it being improper to turn one's back on his imperial majesty ("H-I-M" for short). All this is said to be necessary to keep the Iranian masses impressed, but much of the middle class finds it corny.

In some ways the Shah is the victim of his own accomplishments. At the age of 22 in 1941, he inherited from his father a poor, largely illiterate and powerless country. In 37 years, in spite of plots against him and threats to the country's security, he has turned Iran into a formidable regional military power on which the West depends for first line defense of some of its principal sources of oil. He also has modernized his country economically and socially, if not politically, distributing land, giving workers a share in industrial profits, raising the status of women and elevating the standard of living. Literacy has doubled in the past 15 years, and average life expectancy has increased from

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35 years to about 52 now. Iranians now own so many cars (and drive them so badly) that traffic can barely move even on five-lane streets in Tehran.

And yet all this has created heightened expectations and social tensions. Reforms congenial to the educated classes are offensive to traditionalists. The middle class itself gets irritated at inflation, food shortages, taxes inefficiency and authoritarianism. But in spite of riots, demonstrations, student strikes and whispered complaints, the Shah seems to be in control of the country. And the country seems reasonably stable as long as he is around. But he has been such an exclusive center of power for so long that he has yet to develop a self-sustaining stability for the country. This is said to be his last major task before passing the throne on to his son. Until it is accomplished, Iran remains—as one Arab official put it—"a one-shot kingdom." If anything happened to the Shah before this task was completed, the consequences could be very great indeed for both his country and its friends.

A symbol for the State Department's OBE (Overtaken By Events) generation.

King of the Bureaucrats

by Suetonius

After the usual perfunctory unction by the Foreign Relations Committee, and there being a quorum handy, the Senate confirmed him in mid-April by a voice vote. At 60 he is a lean California Presbyterian with an open grin; a professional paunch discreetly below the beltline; a seasoned and attractive wife and five children; and a succession of awards over a 30-year career from USIA, the Department, the National Civil Service League and the Rockefellers. Any senior foreign service officer (FSO) is likely to tell you that David Dunlop Newsom was a natural, even inevitable choice to become undersecretary of state for political affairs, the third-ranking position in the State Department, whose occupant wears the crown of diplomatic bureaucracy.

That office supposedly is awarded to the service ideal, the man of polished worth and wisdom who has passed most ably the long apprenticeships at embassies and country desks in Foggy Bottom. The diplomatic bureaucracy's power in the making of foreign policy radiates from this office: the ability to hold secretaries of state to departmental orthodoxy; to wage the decisive institutional wars with the Pentagon and Treasury; to sway and sustain and if need be to subvert presidents and their diplomacy. David Newsom will now possess that considerable power. The appointment may be one of the more obscure but costly disgraces of the Carter administration.

The undersecretaryship of state for political affairs is a common sort of bureaucratic sinecure. Similar to the position of permanent secretary in Britain's Foreign Office or of comparable deputies in Washington's domestic departments, it evolved naturally in the organizational bloat and bickering of postwar American foreign affairs. Once it was enough that the career service had its genteel assistant secretaries who spoke directly to Cordell Hull or FDR and only inadvertently to other agencies. But all that changed abruptly after 1945 when the CIA, Defense, Commerce and a half dozen other baronies acquired their own foreign policies. Then it became necessary to give the Foreign Service its own paneled office on the seventh floor, another echelon to cope with rank-conscious departmental rivals, and not least as a sop to a demoralized officer corps which had been cowed by Joe McCarthy and robbed of authority at home and abroad. The job became the special, exclusive preserve of the diplomatic professionals, and in a sense their instrument to recapture lost prerogatives. The records of Newsom's recent predecessors—men like U. Alexis Johnson, Joseph Sisco, William Porter, and Philip Habib—demonstrate how it all works.

Johnson held the ranking career position under both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, having been handpicked by similar incumbents before him. As a young FSO he had served courageously in Japanese-occupied China until internment and eventual repatriation. But over the next 20 years, as one of the State Department's few Asian specialists to survive McCarthyism, he was a dutiful, unquestioning, sometimes enthusiastic onlooker while two presidents sank into Indochina. Dour, cautious, only executing the cable

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instructions, acceptable above and below for his unthreatening mediocrity, Johnson was a model of bureaucratic eminence by sheer longevity. Johnson remained chief frog in the stagnant pool of senior diplomats for more than a decade. Henry Kissinger once acidly characterized him as "each administration's gift to the succeeding administration."

Johnson's most prominent successor, Joe Sisco, was a little different in that his previous 20 years had been spent entirely in Washington, dealing with the early unwanted effluence of UN affairs and waiting with pugnacious style through three administrations for his office and power to puff by natural bureaucratic osmosis into a full-fledged Bureau; then climbing in 1969 to another level as assistant secretary for the Middle East and South Asia because William Rogers happened to know him from earlier work on a US delegation to the UN. Then in a shrewd (necessarily discreet) bureaucratic alliance with the far more powerful Kissinger, Sisco kept the White House abreast of seventh-floor maneuvers against it, and stoutly upheld the studied Kissinger-Nixon neglect of the savage repression in East Pakistan. He was later elevated to the number three job in what was by then Kissinger's State Department, there to continue unflinchingly the prevailing policies on Cyprus, Chile arms sales and similar issues, before retiring to become president of American University.

Porter and Habib, who held the job later in the Nixon-Ford years, both were veterans of the diplomatic wars in Southeast Asia. After an untroubled career ascent through postings in the Arab world, Porter was named a deputy ambassador in Saigon in 1965. He served the LBJ policy ardently for the next two years, and was then promoted to the ambassadorship in Seoul. Once in Korea he promptly became a staunch advocate of the inherited dogma of the mission: less talk about human rights and more military and economic aid for the Park regime. After a similarly conventional record in the Kissinger era, Porter was named to a brief, uneventful tenure as undersecretary. Meanwhile, Habib also had gone to Saigon in 1965 following another safe and steady career climb. In Saigon he was the official embassy spokesman on the war, and to a generation of journalists the most zealous, least sensitive practitioner of the chronic official lying. After 1968 and for most of the remainder of the war, Habib moved through a succession of Vietnam-related jobs in Washington and Paris. Eventually promoted, like Porter, to an ambassadorial assignment in Asia, he then became undersecretary for the close of Kissinger's reign, and oversaw various policy adventures from the *Mayaguez* to Angola. Habib remained in the position through the first months of the Carter administration, and might have stayed longer with the patronage of Vance and others if a recent heart attack had not forced his retirement.

All these careers displayed the marks that made the final promotion possible. These were cool and deferential men who avoided controversy, awkward convictions, or a foreign policy of their own except for the bureaucratic writ of the moment. They were born before 1920, got their diplomatic training in World War II and rose through the ranks without any meaningful academic or intellectual pause outside the organizational routine. Like company survivors everywhere, they succeeded because of the various default of their peers; with the help of powerful bureaucratic patrons who recommended them to the political leadership; aided by those politicians in turn who found their records either reassuring or somehow irrelevant; and perhaps helped most of all just by their very presence at the right age and rank at the right moment. These appointments represented a kind of professional nepotism—the career service offering for its traditional sinecure a candidate of certified conformity, while each administration was confident of political dependability or at least inertia in the highest foreign service post. It is by now a practiced process of government, requiring not only a demonstrated mentality in the appointee, but also a certain abdication of responsibility by the president and secretary of state who appoint him.

The first two decades of Newsom's career were characteristic of the successful foreign service officer of his generation. To the rhythm of regular promotions and the prescribed postings at home or abroad, he touched history here and there, but always in the sheltering obscurity of the bureaucracy, and never in a way that might block his rise. After a BA at the University of California in 1938 and a Master's degree at Columbia two years later, he spent the war as a Navy lieutenant overseas. There followed a brief unsuccessful venture on a small California newspaper before he joined the State Department in 1947. Through routine assignments to Karachi, Oslo and Baghdad he was steadily promoted to class four, and in 1953 was detailed to the US Information Agency, where he won a Commendable Service award for his propaganda efforts in the Middle East.

In 1955 Newsom became desk officer for Arab peninsula and Iraqi affairs. For the next three years he administered the standard diet of US weapons and money to the corrupt Iraqi regime of King Faisal II and Premier Nuri-Es-Sahd, and watched quietly as his clients tottered and fell in a military coup, setting off 20 years of increasingly radical instability in Iraq and the region. When he left the desk in 1959, Newsom had been promoted across the crucial career threshhold to FSO-2, assigned to a prestigious tour at the National War College and given a State Department Meritorious Service award—all ostensibly for his administrative and public relations handling of the Iraqi and general Middle East crisis in 1958, whatever the folly of the policy he carried out or its grim consequences.

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After the War College came two years as a political officer in London, a return to the North African desk in Washington and then, in 1965, appointment as ambassador to Libya. In Tripoli, as on the Iraqi desk, Newsom clung to the policy and clients of the moment. In order to keep an increasingly obsolete Wheelus Air Force Base in Libya, the US had long supplied aid to support the diplomatically docile but internally reactionary regime of King Idris. Despite the undiminished American patronage, the squalor and unpopularity of the monarchy deepened during Newsom's tour until (again much as in Iraq) moderate elements had been pushed aside and the inevitable *coup* was dominated by radicals. When Newsom left the country in 1969, it was under the rule of Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi, a megalomaniacal officer whose anti-American hysteria and general international irresponsibility would eclipse even that of the wild-eyed Iraqis.

After more than 20 years, then, the two principal policies with which Newsom was involved—in Iraq and Libya—had both ended in disaster for American interests. But in the protective obliviousness of the career service he nevertheless had acquired the reputation as a bright, effective officer. Since the early 1960s he had been in the State Department's African bureau, of all the regional domains the most impoverished in talent and higher-level attention. When the Nixon regime cast about in the spring of 1969 to replace a venerable Democratic appointee as assistant secretary for Africa, Newsom was a ready nominee among the careerists, an impressive enough choice for an already floundering Secretary Rogers and a matter of relative indifference to the Nixon White House.

As assistant secretary, Newsom seems to have encountered the first real friction of his career. The effect of this incident on a prospering bureaucrat so long insulated from his acts was, by several accounts, puzzlement, then disgust, and eventually a still-deeper retreat behind official secrecy and self-justification. Seeing only the oil, the British patronage and the long-standing US sponsorship of Nigeria, Newsom presided over the State Department's callous indifference during the final months of Biafra's starvation in 1969-1970. Two years later he stood by again as another client regime in Burundi murdered a quarter-million in tribal genocide. When the African bureau's own legal advisor raised the human rights issue in the killings, when other aides suggested an embargo on the $60 million annual Folger's coffee purchases that sustained the Burundian government, Newsom reportedly dismissed both out of hand. During the period, there was no sanction against the already murderous regime of Idi Amin in Uganda, or against the governments in the drought-stricken Sahel that deliberately withheld emergency US food aid to starve out politically recalcitrant minorities.

Newsom was replaced as assistant secretary late in 1973, soon after Kissinger became Secretary of State. But the bureaucratic base remained solid. During the debacles in African policy since 1969, he had been promoted to "career minister," and received two civil service awards. No doubt because of his senior status in the inner guild politics of the Foreign Service, perhaps to appease the new secretary's departmental charges, perhaps also (typical of Kissinger) *because* Newsom was so conventional, he was appointed in 1974 as ambassador to Indonesia. In Jakarta for the remainder of the Republican regime, he predictably championed the cause of increased military aid for the Indonesian *junta*. Largely as a result of Newsom's recommendations and lobbying, the Indonesians gained in one year $125 million in military modernization aid and later a threefold increase in US arms sales, despite continued documented evidence by Amnesty International and other organizations that the regime practices "systematic and widespread violations of human rights," often used torture and had imprisoned 100,000 people without trial. Only months before Newsom's appointment as undersecretary, Carter named him as envoy to the Philippines. There, according to official sources, he was already on record with several cables recommending more vocal and material American backing of the Marcos regime.

Newsom's has been a career in the service of three major tenets of foreign relations: the permanent, universal expedience of weapons sales and arms aid; a matching disregard of human rights; and, to the extent it does not violate the first two axioms, an adherence to the policy of the moment. The quintessential diplomat "too long in the East," Newsom is an official for whom the clients are always right. Those clients are neither the president nor the secretary of state nor especially the American people. Rather, they are the foreign governments he has spent his professional life cultivating and encouraging. Now he will bring that ethos, that repeatedly demonstrated devotion, to the most powerful office of his vocation, and to complex issues such as the Middle East, Southern Africa, SALT, China, arms sales, human rights.

Newsom is no demon. He is a decent, earnest, likable man who sees his country and the world not much more clearly than when he deserted his California newspaper job for Karachi in 1947. Through all the years of cables, memos, family moves, anxious waiting for promotion lists, he has developed the imperviousness, and the piety, of a bureaucratic survivor. And in that he is like a majority of his colleagues. Like most of his predecessors, Newsom will be the corps's revenge against the rest of Washington, and an antidote to the weak, often blundering clerks who come and go in appointive office above. But most of all he represents the survival of an official mentality and a generation that has been, as they say in the State Department, OBE—"overtaken by events" both in this country and abroad.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Deepening the Focus

André Bazin
by Dudley Andrew
(Oxford; $11.95)

André Bazin has a unique double place in the film firmament: he is one of the preeminent critics, and he is the closest that the film world has (so far) come to a secular saint. Dudley Andrew's biography does something more for the latter truth than for Bazin's intellectual position, but, flawed book though it is, no one can read it without some clearer definition of Bazin's double place and some increase of respect.

Bazin's first book in English was *What Is Cinema?* (U. of California Press, 1967), 10 essays from the four posthumous volumes of his writings, selected and translated by Hugh Gray. (The English is poor. Compare the translation of "The Evolution of Film Language" in Peter Graham's anthology *The New Wave* with Gray's version. Day and night.) A second selection, by Gray, appeared in 1971 and at last included essays on realism and neorealism, which is rather like waiting for a second volume of Marx translations to introduce the subject of dialectical materialism.

The only adequate review of the first volume that I saw, and still an essay well worth reading, was written by Annette Michelson (*Artforum*, June 1968). Michelson's close experience of contemporary French culture helped to place Bazin for Americans—as Gray's first volume did not—in religious-esthetic context:

> *The syncretic aspect of his thinking reflects . . . the intellectual ecumenism, alternately refreshing and exasperating, of the French Catholic Left, as one encounters it in* Esprit, *the review in which many of his critical pieces were originally published. It suffered—inevitably, in my view—from the strains involved in the accommodation of a religious sensibility to a secular culture, and its peculiar intellectual pathos—the source of its appeal and weakness, alike—originates in a singular dedication to the art form most intimately and inextricably bound to that secularization process.*

I've read a good deal of comment on Bazin since then but nothing more perceptive.

Bazin was born in 1918 in Angers, had a Catholic schooling, was educated to be a teacher, belonged to progressive Catholic groups, became associated with *Esprit*, was called for military service in 1939 and was demobilized in mid-1940, eventually found some teaching work in Paris, and began writing and editing, much under the influence of such figures as Bergson, Maritain, and Teilhard de Chardin. He was no less influenced by Malraux and Sartre.

Bazin had long been fascinated by, immersed in, film. In 1942 he and a friend formed a ciné-club in Paris, and by 1943 he knew that he "wanted to combine the two great interests of his life, teaching and the cinema. . . ." This he did, by writing, lecturing, and promoting the formation of ciné-clubs. The intensity of his work grew after the Liberation, as his health began to fail. In 1951 he was one of the founders of *Cahiers du Cinéma*, a monthly of wide effect. In 1954 it was discovered that he had leukemia. He kept writing, traveling, exhorting, arguing, helping. He died in 1958, truly mourned by many, among them Jean Renoir and the young François Truffaut whom Bazin had treated as a son. Though he died just as the so-called New Wave was being born, his mind and spirit informed that group; and he has been intellectually present throughout the international film world since his death.

Dudley Andrew, head of the Film Division at the University of Iowa, wrote his doctoral dissertation there on Bazin in 1972. In 1976 he published *The Major Film Theories* (Oxford), a useful conspectus in which, naturally, Bazin has great place—almost one-fifth of the text. For this biography Andrew has done much research in France, including interviews with Bazin's widow and some of his friends. These last are especially important.

For I can think of few leading critics, in film or elsewhere, to whom (as Michelson indicates) biography is as pertinent as it is with Bazin. He *himself* had an effect, and to know more about him is, though obviously not essential, unusually helpful. The quotations from these interviews help to make vivid his unstifling spirituality, his stubborn enthusiasms, his utterly unembarrassed seriousness about film. His criticism is not remotely doctrinal in Catholicism, but it is fundamentally holistic: its source is elsewhere than in esthetic dissection. "Bazin's true filmmaker," writes Andrew, "attains his power through 'style,' which . . . is not a thing to be expressed but an inner orientation enabling an outward search."

This spiritual sensitivity and its enablement through film are central to Bazin's view of film as (this is not too strong) obligated to God, to honor God's universe by using film to render the reality of the universe and, through its reality, its mystery. This led Bazin to certain specific espousals—neorealism, the technique of deep focus, and more—but these were all secondary, in a sense, consequents for him of the way that film could best bear witness to the miracle of the creation. Eric Rohmer, who became a filmmaker in the Bazin tradition but

Films Worth Seeing

The Goodbye Girl. Fizz fizz but no plop plop. Neil Simon's best script—for stage *or* screen—bubbled along nicely by cast and director.

F.I.S.T. A long melodrama/chronicle, like the '30s, made today. Labor unions instead of bootleggers. Sylvester Stallone pounds it all (more or less) together.

Saturday Night Fever. About Saturday night fever, in a parochial part of New York. Phony script, authentic milieu. John Travolta *really* stars.

A Woman of Paris. Charles Chaplin's 1923 attempt at sexual candor. The script is out of the theatrical past, but the direction hints at the film form's future. With Adolphe Menjou, without Chaplin.

SK

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who was in the '50s a critical-editorial colleague of Bazin's, has said: "Without any doubt, the whole body of Bazin's work is based on one central idea, an affirmation of the objectivity of the cinema. . . ."

Now this comment and Bazin's basic position cannot be understood except as a strong reaction against principles of filmmaking that had prevailed before then: of subjectivity, of arrangement and interpretation of the world—what might be called Eisenstein-Pudovkin principles (different though those two men were) in editing. Bazin was opposed to such an approach as "self-willed" and "manipulative," as the imposition of opinion where the filmmaker should try, in effect, to stand aside and reveal reality. On the other hand, the first line of Pudovkin's *Film Technique* is: "The foundation of film art is *editing*."

The Russians had derived their methods from American films, especially those of Griffith, and American films had continued in the "editing" vein. In Hollywood pictures and, through their example, in most pictures everywhere, the guiding rule was to edit the film to conform to the flow of the viewer's attention, to anticipate and control that attention. The director and editor chose the fraction of space that they thought the viewer would be most concerned with every fraction of a second: the hero's face when he declares his love, then the heroine's reaction, then the door when someone else enters, and so on, bit by bit. The Russians' use of montage had much more complex aims, esthetic and ideological, than presumed audience gratification, but technically it too was a mosaic approach.

Bazin disagreed strongly and, one can say, religiously. Possibly the best example of his disagreement is in his little book on Orson Welles—his analysis of Susan's attempted suicide in *Citizen Kane*.

> *The screen opens on Susan's bedroom seen from behind the night table. In close-up is an enormous glass, taking up almost a quarter of the image, along with a little spoon and an open medicine bottle. The glass almost entirely conceals Susan's bed . . . from which only a faint sound of labored breathing escapes . . . The bedroom is empty . . .* [From] behind *the door a knocking.*

At last Kane bursts into the room. All in one shot.

Traditional editing, the five or six shots into which all the above could be divided, would give us "the illusion of being at real events unraveling before us in everyday reality. But this illusion conceals an essential bit of deceit because reality exists in continuous space and the screen presents us in fact a succession of fragments called 'shots'. . . ." Instead, says Bazin, Welles presents the experience whole, in order to give us the same privileges and responsibilities of choice that life itself affords.

André Bazin by András Goldinger

> Citizen Kane *is unthinkable shot in any other way but in depth. The uncertainty in which we find ourselves as to the spiritual key or the interpretation we should put on the film is built into the very design of the image.*

The best director then—Welles, Rossellini, Renoir, Murnau rank high for Bazin—is the one who mediates least, the one who exercises selectivity just sufficiently to put us in much the same relation of regard and choice toward the narrative as we are toward reality in life: a director who thus imitates, within his scale, the divine disposition toward man. (It always puzzles me, however, that Bazin adds: "With this technique, the cinema strays a little further from the theater. . . ." To me, the very opposite is true. Allowing for all the arguments about camera angle and the screen-frame vs. the proscenium, it still seems to me that the theater operates in the longest "shots" and that Bazin's ideal is to marry this power to the particularities of film.)

The chief intellectual gap in Andrew's biography is that he badly skimps the background against which Bazin was reacting. This hurts appreciation of Bazin's radical daring, and it also maims argument with him. Bazin's views can be opposed on evidence from this very film he adored, *Citizen Kane*. As he certainly knew. He wrote elsewhere: "The expression of concrete duration conflicts with the abstract time of montage as *Citizen Kane* and [*The Magnificent*] *Ambersons* so well illustrate." The examples of rapid cutting in *Kane*, of lighting and camera angle that smack of Expressionism (a style he disliked), are too numerous to specify. There is a *dialectic* of method in this film. For his own good reasons Bazin emphasized the antithesis, but without a statement of the thesis, the reader cannot reach a synthesis.

The unfortunate result is that Andrew presents Bazin's views as virtually the whole of important film theory. The first Andrew book is a necessary supplement to this biography, which, in my view, argues a weakness in the second book. Certainly he would not have wanted to repeat the entire survey of film theory that he published earlier, but within the perimeter of this biography he magnifies his subject by slighting oppositional context. And, apparently, he has also changed his mind. In *The Major Film Theories* he said: "The writings of André Bazin are unquestionably the most important of realist film theory, just as those of Eisenstein are the most important of formative theories." In the biography the distinction is dismissed. Bazin is absolutely "the most important thinker the field of film has ever had."

This needs some counterbalance. I return to Michelson's *Artforum* review. She is keenly appreciative of Bazin but

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she is careful to point out:

> *His rejection of montage, his opposition to the Eisenstein style and tradition, contests the notion of the esthetic reality or order, created, assembled, or synthesized, to which Eisenstein, as a radically modernist sensibility, was committed. We know that, for Eisenstein, the 20th century was not, as for Bazin, The Age of the American Novel but that of Joyce.*

Brian Henderson's essay "Two Types of Film Theory" (in the anthology *Movies and Methods*, edited by Bill Nichols, California, 1977) says:

> *The principal film theories that have been developed are part-whole theories and theories of relation to the real. . . . The real is the starting-point for both Eisenstein and Bazin. One of the principal differences between them is that Eisenstein goes beyond the real, and cinema's relation to it, and that Bazin does not.*

(I must note that this essay was written in 1971, before semiology hit the fans. This third major theory disregards the fact that film is the only art that directly uses reality as a material. Semiology, as Andrew writes, "maintains that cinema has no special tie to reality, that it is as conventional as any other art.")

The Eisenstein-Bazin "debate" is, of course, not decisively settled in film practice. Other than such an anomalous director as Miklós Jancsó, to whom one reel equals one shot, most good modern directors use the reality of the held, "plumbed" shot as well as the meta-reality of montage. One need look no further than the work of Bazin's venerator, Truffaut, for an example of this. And this balance doesn't smugly patronize Bazin: no one before him had spoken up so fully and influentially for his side of the question.

I'm scanting much of Bazin's thought other than the above, notably his ideas on genre. He was not the first to deal extensively in genre—the Hungarian Béla Balázs was only one forerunner—but Bazin's early interest in science perhaps compelled him toward a taxonomy of film as an aid to understanding. Perhaps too there was some feeling of order as heaven's first law. My own view, however, is that the genre approach is a temptation that needs to be resisted. Film, largely because of its inheritances from the popular theater and popular fiction, has operated extensively through "kinds" of pictures: Westerns, thrillers, musicals, etc. But genre criticism sooner or later is quasi-anthropological, not qualitative. The best Westerns and thrillers do and do not belong to their genres, just as Shakespeare's plays are *also* examples of Elizabethan drama. The cultural positioning of a work of art is often helpful, but it is quite distinct from esthetic judgment.

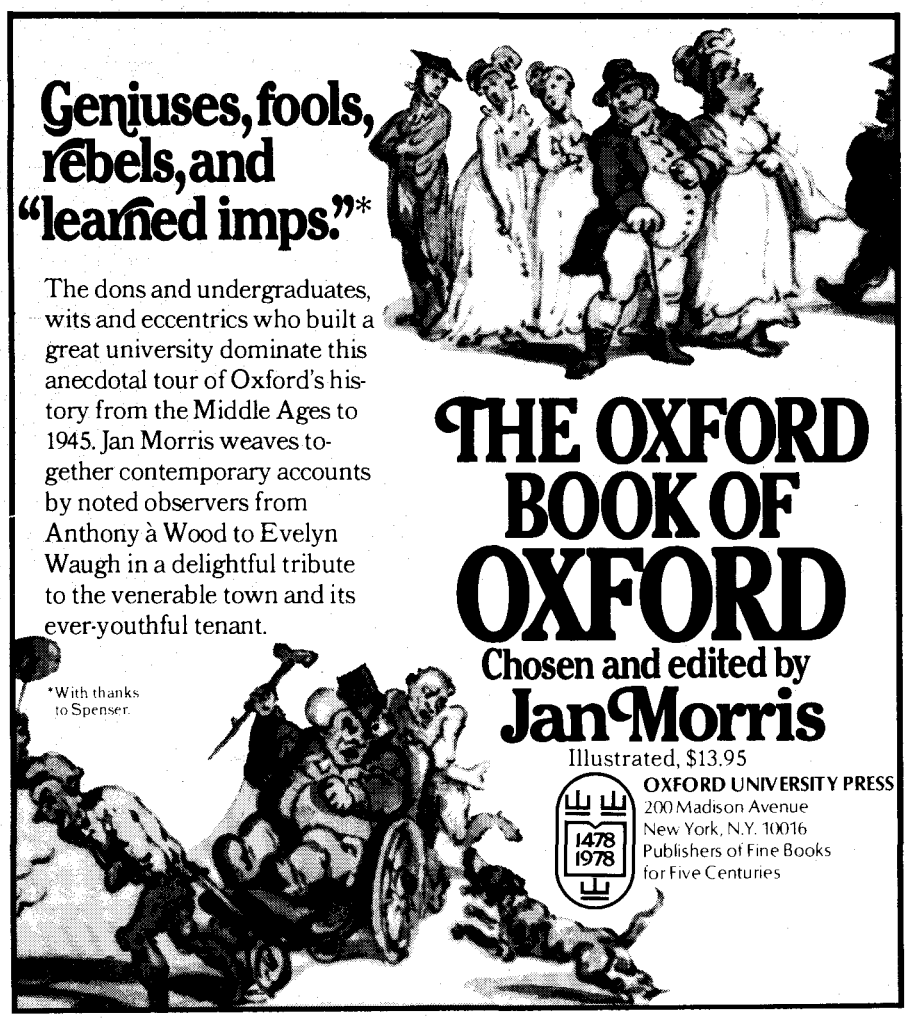
I must also note that the much-argued *auteur* theory was developed out of Bazin's ideas by younger *Cahiers* critics. Andrew (like myself) is not enthusiastic about the theory: "Its major tenets reduce to a simple belief that the creative consciousness of the director will exhibit itself in the most mundane of studio films and that this consciousness is what we must seize in watching the films." A version—I would say a perversion—of Bazin's views on style is discernible here. Doubtless the purely cinematic elements of cinema had often been underprized in the past, but it was baby-out-with-the-bath time in film criticism. The *auteur* theory established a hierarchy in film values that accepted nonsense in every other aspect of a film—theme, story, acting, dialogue, etc.—so long as the director's style was good.

This theory clearly made its "father" uneasy. The year before he died, Bazin published a long corrective essay on the theory in *Cahiers*—ending "*Auteur*, yes, but what *of*?"—but it had little effect . . . Well, Freud is not to blame for Freudians.

Andrew's writing sometimes gets sophomoric or strained. "He read whole libraries of philosophy and literature." "But sitting on Doniol-Valcroze's desk all along was a bomb, not an implication, written by Truffaut." Apropos of Bazin's love for animals: "For a man prepared to invade the consciousness of an iguana, the consciousness of a Buñuel is not an impossible problem." And when Robert Bresson appeared on stage at a ciné-club but refused to talk about his work or to answer questions from the audience: "Perhaps even this seemingly fruitless encounter provided Bazin with the spiritual key with which to reconsider Bresson's difficult films."

Also I can't see what was gained by omitting captions from all the photographs.

Still, though this is not the best imaginable biography of its subject, it's recommendable on better ground than that it's the only one we have. A good deal of Bazin's spirit touches the book, and that in itself, though there is more, would give it value.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*With thanks to Spenser.
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Publishers of Fine Books for Five Centuries
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The Poems of Louise Glück

This is our twelfth in a series of presentations of poets and essays on their work. The first six poems in this selection are taken from Louise Glück's second book, *The House on Marshland* (Ecco Press, 1975), the next five from *The Garden* (Antaeus Editions, 1976). "Nocturne," "The Covenant," "Portland, 1968" and "Thanksgiving" appear here for the first time. "The Drowned Children" appeared in *The New Yorker*, "The *Logos*" and "The Clearing" in *Antaeus*. —*R.F.*

All Hallows

Even now this landscape is assembling.
The hills darken. The oxen
sleep in their blue yoke,
the fields having been
picked clean, the sheaves
bound evenly and piled at the roadside
among cinquefoil, as the toothed moon rises:

This is the barrenness
of harvest or pestilence.
And the wife leaning out the window
with her hand extended, as in payment,
and the seeds
distinct, gold, calling
Come here
Come here, little one

And the soul creeps out of the tree.

Still Life

Father has his arm around Tereze.
She squints. My thumb
is in my mouth: my fifth autumn.
Near the copper beech
the spaniel dozes in shadows.
Not one of us does not avert his eyes.

Across the lawn, in full sun, my mother
stands behind her camera.

Poem

In the early evening, as now, a man is bending
over his writing table.
Slowly he lifts his head; a woman
appears, carrying roses.
Her face floats to the surface of the mirror,
marked with the green spokes of rose stems.

It is a form
of suffering: then always the transparent page
raised to the window until its veins emerge
as words finally filled with ink.

And I am meant to understand
what binds them together
or to the gray house held firmly in place by dusk

because I must enter their lives:
it is spring, the pear tree
filming with weak, white blossoms.

The School Children

The children go forward with their little satchels.
And all morning the mothers have labored
to gather the late apples, red and gold,
like words of another language.

And on the other shore
are those who wait behind great desks
to receive these offerings.

How orderly they are—the nails
on which the children hang
their overcoats of blue or yellow wool.

And the teachers shall instruct them in silence
and the mothers shall scour the orchards for a way out,
drawing to themselves the gray limbs of the fruit trees
bearing so little ammunition.

Flowering Plum

In spring from the black branches of the flowering plum tree
the woodthrush issues its routine
message of survival. Where does such happiness come from
as the neighbors' daughter reads into that singing,
and matches? All afternoon she sits
in the partial shade of the plum tree, as the mild wind
floods her immaculate lap with blossoms, greenish white
and white, leaving no mark, unlike
the fruit that will inscribe
unraveling dark stains in heavier winds, in summer.

The Undertaking

The darkness lifts, imagine, in your lifetime.
There you are—cased in clean bark you drift
through weaving rushes, fields flooded with cotton.
You are free. The river films with lilies,
shrubs appear, shoots thicken into palm. And now
all fear gives way: the light
looks after you, you feel the waves' goodwill
as arms widen over the water; Love,

the key is turned. Extend yourself—
it is the Nile, the sun is shining,
everywhere you turn is luck.

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The Garden

1. The Fear of Birth

One sound. Then the hiss and whir
of houses gliding into their places.
And the wind
leafs through the bodies of animals—

But my body that could not content itself
with health—why should it be sprung back
into the chord of sunlight?

It will be the same again.
This fear, this inwardness,
until I am forced into a field
without immunity
even to the least shrub that walks
stiffly out of the dirt, trailing
the twisted signature of its root,
even to a tulip, a red claw.

And then the losses,
one after another,
all supportable.

2. The Garden

The garden admires you.
For your sake it smears itself with green pigment,
the ecstatic reds of the roses,
so that you will come to it with your lovers.

And the willows—
see how it has shaped these green
tents of silence. Yet
there is still something you need,
your body, so soft, so alive, among the stone animals.

Admit that it is terrible to be like them,
beyond harm.

3. The Fear of Love

That body lying beside me like obedient stone—
once its eyes seemed to be opening,
we could have spoken.

At that time it was winter already.
By day the sun rose in its helmet of fire
and at night also, mirrored in the moon.
Its light passed over us freely,
as though we had lain down
in order to leave no shadows,
only these two shallow dents in the snow.
And the past, as always, stretched before us,
still, complex, impenetrable.

How long did we lie there
as, arm in arm in their cloaks of feathers,
the gods walked down
from the mountain we built for them.

4. Origins

As though a voice were saying
You should be asleep by now—
But there was no one. Nor
had the air darkened,
though the moon was there,
already filled in with marble.

As though, in a garden crowded with flowers,
a voice had said
How dull they are, these golds,
so sonorous, so repetitious
until you closed your eyes,
lying among them, all
stammering flame.

And yet you could not sleep,
poor body, the earth
still clinging to you—

5. The Fear of Burial

In the empty field, in the morning,
the body waits to be claimed.
The spirit sits beside it, on a small rock—
nothing comes to give it form again.

Think of the body's loneliness.
At night pacing the sheared field,
its shadow buckled tightly around.
Such a long journey.
And already the remote, trembling lights of the village
not pausing for it as they scan the rows.
How far away they seem,
the wooden doors, the bread and milk
laid like weights on the table.

Lamentations

1. The Logos

They were both still,
the woman mournful, the man
branching into her body.

But god was watching.
They felt his gold eye
projecting flowers on the landscape.

Who knew what he wanted?
He was god, and a monster.
So they waited. And the world
filled with his radiance,
as though he wanted to be understood.

Far away, in the void that he had shaped,
he turned to his angels.

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2. Nocturne

A forest rose from the earth.
O pitiful, so needing
God's furious love—

Together they were beasts.
They lay in the fixed
dusk of his negligence;
from the hills, wolves came, mechanically
drawn to their human warmth,
their panic.

Then the angels saw
how He divided them:
the man, the woman, and the woman's body.

Above the churned reeds, the leaves let go
a slow moan of silver.

3. The Covenant

Out of fear, they built a dwelling place.
But a child grew between them
as they slept, as they tried
to feed themselves.

They set it on a pile of leaves,
the small discarded body
wrapped in the clean skin
of an animal. Against the black sky
they saw the massive argument of light.

Sometimes it woke. As it reached its hands
they understood they were the mother and father,
there was no authority above them.

4. The Clearing

Gradually, over many years,
the fur disappeared from their bodies
until they stood in the bright light
strange to one another.
Nothing was as before.
Their hands trembled, seeking
the familiar.

Nor could they keep their eyes
from the white flesh
on which wounds would show clearly,
like words on a page.

And from the meaningless browns and greens
at last God arose, His great shadow
darkening the sleeping bodies of his children,
and leapt into heaven.

How beautiful it must have been,
the earth, that first time
seen from the air.

Portland, 1968

You stand as rocks stand
to which the sea reaches
in transparent waves of longing;
they are marred, finally;
everything fixed is marred.
And the sea triumphs,
like all that is false,
all that is fluent and womanly.
From behind, the lens
opens for your body. Why
should you turn? It doesn't matter
who the witness is,
for whom you are suffering,
for whom you are standing still.

Thanksgiving

They have come again to graze the orchard,
knowing they will be denied.
The leaves have fallen; on the dry ground
the wind makes piles of them, sorting
all it destroys.

What doesn't move, the snow will cover.
It will give them away; their hooves
make patterns which the snow remembers.
In the cleared field, they linger
as the summoned prey whose part
is not to forgive. They can afford to die.
They have their place in the dying order.

The Drowned Children

You see, they have no judgment.
So it is natural that they should drown,
first the ice taking them in
and then, all winter, their wool scarves
floating behind them as they sink
until at last they are quiet.
And the pond lifts them in its manifold dark arms.

But death must come to them differently,
so close to the beginning.
As though they had always been
blind and weightless. Therefore
the rest is dreamed, the lamp,
the good white cloth that covered the table,
their bodies.

And yet they hear the names they used
like lures slipping over the pond:
What are you waiting for
come home, come home, lost
in the waters, blue and permanent.

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The Poetry of Louise Glück

"All Hallows" appeared on the first page of Louise Glück's *The House on Marshland* (1975). If there were echoes of Stevens and perhaps of Sexton, they were assimilated into a new voice. "All Hallows" is about bearing a child—or so it seems to me—but it is saturated by the poet's sense of her own birth. A mother has paid some unspeakable price into an invisible hand, has enabled the gold seeds, and the child victim is sold into bondage, enticed into the world. When a human couple takes on the unknown in the form of a baby, it is a time of "harvest or pestilence": their spring flowering is over, and, after the fashion of an archetypal Nativity, the baby is born in the cold. The "toothed moon," a savage Jack O'Lantern, rises in a sinister ascendancy, a parody of the Christmas Star. The deceptive title and peaceful beginning lead to the frightened child-soul leaving its tree nest, beckoned by the evil fairy-tale voice—"*Come here/Come here, little one.*" The helplessness of the child, the complicity of its mother, the cannibal jaws of the moon, make the title in one sense a blasphemy; but the pity for the child, the uncertainty whether this is harvest or pestilence, the sense of a waiting landscape, all make the title, in another sense, the most reserved of benedictions. The whole poem trembles on a verge: "And the soul creeps out of the tree." Nativity, said Shakespeare, crawls to maturity: where Shakespeare saw the crooked eclipses, Glück sees the toothed moon.

A powerful re-seeing of family life animates many of the poems in *The House on Marshland*, down to its last poem, "The Apple Trees," spoken by a woman to a man who is leaving her; he is the father of her child. In a dream, she holds up the child to him, saying "See what you have made"—

and counted out the whittled ribs,
the heart on its blue stalk.

As a mother's view of her child, this is unnerving: she sees him as artifact and X-ray plate, with the dispassionate eye of a woodcarver or a radiologist. In that dispassionate eye so stiffened against the distortions of love, Glück exerts a clear sovereignty that attracts our assent rather than inquiry. One scarcely wants to ask the secret of certain impeccable lines:

And the deer—
how beautiful they are,
as though their bodies did not impede them.
Slowly they drift into the open
through bronze panels of sunlight.
("Messengers")

Glück's rhythm yearns toward the deer: we think of the isolate Mariner pained by "the many men, so beautiful," as we see that this speaker, "impeded" by her body, envies the natural paradise of the deer, drifting through sun as through some etherealized version of the Ghiberti doors. And yet, at the end, these natural messengers, if I read the poem aright, are superseded by the wounded, disembodied consciousness:

. . . they come before you
like dead things, saddled with flesh,
and you above them, wounded and dominant.

The perverse dramatist of the poem has perhaps learned something from Sylvia Plath. But Glück's tone owes nothing to Plath; it is not Lawrentian or clinical (Plath's two extremes), but rather, as one auditor said after Glück's Harvard reading last year, "unearthly."

In fact there is somthing "disembodied, triumphant, dead"—Whitman's words—about Glück's usual voice (barring some uncollected songs, in a more demotic manner, which are I think not successful). She sees experience from very far off, almost through the wrong end of a telescope, transparently removed in space or time. It is this removal which gives such mythological power, in *The House on Marshland*, to the account of her parents' lives and of her own childhood, and makes their family constellation into a universal one. In the brilliant "Still Life" she reconstitutes the overexposed Kodak shot in every reader's photograph album, revealing the impossibility of family relations, the aversion and separation in the poses family life makes us strike when, if we were animals, we would curl up out of the sun, out of postures, and be spared these stiff and unnatural configurations.

Glück's poems of family life tend to avoid the biographical, as a way of avoiding the inevitably helpless "I." Lyric has, historically, voiced a prayer or a complaint, both presupposing a listener, the "thou" of remedy. But if there is no "thou," the voice can make no leap to another ear, can scarcely conceive of itself as subject. An inflexible statement of what is must replace protest, plea, confiding, intercession, and defense. Glück resolutely gives the blank title "Poem" to her *ur*-poem of family life, with its inescapable images of man, wife, spring, a house, and an unborn child. The only unexpected component in the complex is the man's writing. He is a poet, and doubles for Glück herself in this archetypal tale. The woman's face in the mirror takes on the contours of an icon or a mandala, as she becomes a Muse and her mirrored reflection causes that writing which takes on the function of life, as ink replaces blood. The conundrum of marriage is set for the unborn child, a conundrum she can never solve; the house is immobile in the constricting universe; and once again, nature, unbidden, sends forth those weak blooms vulnerable to the first frost, the first too-rough airs of heaven. Such a poem appears to exhaust one form of life, and thereby earns its title: there is a house, a couple, suffering, "what binds them together," reproduction, a child, an utterance in ink: what else could there be? And the tale of life unrolls unstoppably on: the child who enters the parents' lives must go to school and propitiate the mysterious teachers, intent on silencing the children into the classroom order.

The first day of school is not an unattempted topic (though school itself appears less in poetry than one might expect): but Glück's "The School Children" takes it more seriously than any previous description I can recall. Glück's is post-Freudian poetry; its wide-eyed and appalled gaze takes seriously the gulfs and abysses of the child's experience, an experience shared by the mother frightened for her departing child. Glück's mothers find themselves in the last phase of fertility; the orchards—which are the mothers themselves—are yielding only a few late apples of maternity and love, "so little ammunition" to fortify the children with, before the mothers themselves turn into barren gray limbs. The children make the first great crossing—from the shore of the mothers to the shore of the teachers—and it is a sacrificial rite, the yearly tribute to the Minotaur. The nails are waiting for the children, the mothers are trapped in the orchards. There is no prayer, no protest, no outcry, even: only the primal simplicity of the narrator.

This narrator, who holds us with her

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tale of deadly ill so quietly told, is Glück's great resource. The telling is oblique but not self-mocking; divinatory, like that of a Fate, who can see the apples "like words from another language," mute signs to the teacher that the child is used to an Eden of nourishment, not a world of desks and nails and silence. The Fate impersonally pities both mothers and children, seeing the uneven battle, the pathetic armor of the children's "little satchels," the timid insufficiency of their ammunition.

Here and there, Glück's tone of doom modulates into something less deathly, as in "Flowering Plum" and "Brennende Liebe"; it lifts for a moment in the discovery of love, punning, in her Moses-fable, "The Undertaking," on her own name—"Everywhere you turn is luck." A benevolent euphony, in such happy moments, tunes her lines: *sh*rubs and *sh*oots appear, the *w*ill of *w*aves *w*idens, the river films with *lil*ies, the Nile is *shi*ning. But this flooding light supervenes on some unimaginable incarceration in the dark: "The darkness lifts, imagine, in your lifetime." It is like the opening of the camps after the war: captives resigned to a lifetime of imprisonment hear the unhoped-for creak of widening gates. It is not surprising that even this expansive freedom, of spring and love, is soon incorporated into Glück's fateful sense of meaningless life-rhythms. Glück has some of Stevens's bitterness about the childish onslaughts of the spring, and some of Williams's naive power in encompassing birth and death in one breath. This, from the poem "For Jane Myers," is one quick sequence of love, reproduction, and execution:

> *Look how the bluet falls apart, mud*
> *pockets the seed.*
> *Months, years, then the dull blade of the*
> *wind.*
> *It is spring! We are going to die!*

Insight is of no use in spring; the bluet's power makes us follow the bluet's cycle:

> *And now April raises up her plaque of flowers*
> *and the heart*
> *expands to admit its adversary.*

By a single word—"plaque"—Glück confers on April all the monumentality of an allegorical goddess, stationed irresistibly on the heart's pathway.

Since *The House on Marshland*, Glück has published a memorable sequence, *The Garden* (Antaeus, 1976), prolonging her fixed glance and conclusive style into a linked series of poems. Sections of *The Garden* could stand alone, but each gains by juxtaposition. From its beginning in a rebirth of love to its diminished ending in death, *The Garden* combines Glück's almost posthumous tone with moments of quick proximate sympathy. From the one immobile focus she can say that "the past, as always, stretched before us,/ still, complex, impenetrable"; from the other, fluid point of view she can still feel tempted by the garden's "ecstatic reds" and feel certain that to be like the stone animals, beyond harm, is "terrible." *The Garden* speaks from the abstract knowledge of past losses ("one after the other, all supportable") but its present losses are made so exact that they are felt as if for the first time. Glück's eclectic mythology, combining Eden, feather-cloaked gods, classical stone animals and a helmeted sun, ends with a Christian ghost, a spirit sitting on its own headstone, "a small rock." "The tomb in Palestine," said Stevens, "is not the porch of spirits lingering"; but Glück's ghost, like the gospel angels, lingers in the cemetery. The body is forgotten by the relentless village, its faint searchlights scanning the rows of gravestones. The earlier garden has become Keats's stubble plains—here, Glück's "sheared field"; the "poor body"

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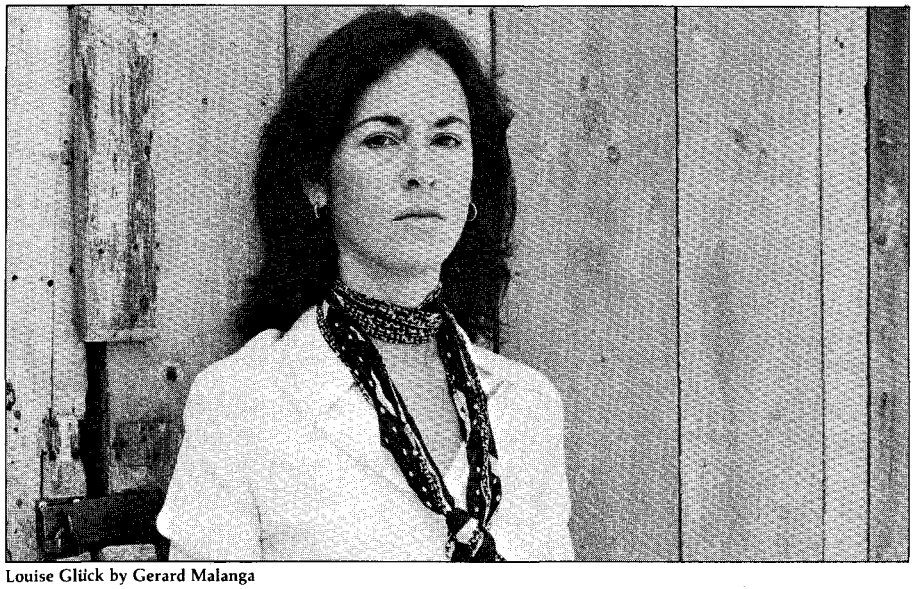
has only its buckled shadow, having lost its spirit. The body waits to be claimed, like Jesus's by the Marys.

The remoteness of what was once common is Glück's central subject: the irreality of life in the orchard once one has passed through the doors of what Ginsberg once called in horror "the vast high school" but what Glück names elementary school; the incomprehensibility of the parents' marriage in the eyes of the child; the ungraspable elements of daily life, "the bread and milk . . . on the table" once one has left the land of the living. The very table at the end of *The Garden* would evanesce were it not for the weight of the daily bread; the house would disappear without its wooden doors; Glück poses "weight" and "wooden" against the shadowy otherness of the dead body and formless spirit alike.

Lamentations, Glück's most recent sequence, retells in four parts part of what *The Garden* had told in five, but it fatally separates the woman into two: the woman she had been with the man, and the body that will bear a child. It is the child, with no one to turn to but its parents, who makes them into the only authority. And from this premise, everything else follows: these primal parents become human; their white flesh becomes the *tabula rasa* for those wounds which will give rise to the hieroglyphs of language; and God leaves Eden for Heaven, enabling his creatures for the first time to conceive, through their imagining of him, earth seen from the air. This parable, beginning with copulation and an indigenous God, passing on through splitting and panic to birth and authority, and ending with language and estrangement (though with an uneasy joy in wide-ranging consciousness) will be read differently by different readers, who may recall, while reading Glück, Blake's ambiguous Genesis-parable stationing the angels, in the form of stars, as our surrogates.

The three recent lyrics included here—"Portland, 1968," "Thanksgiving," and "The Drowned Children"—are all allusive in Glück's enigmatic manner, all hopeless, all staving off tears with finish and surface. In the first, male and female come to a standstill, conjoining like rocks and sea: the rocks are marred by the ocean, the sea triumphs "like all that is false,/all that is fluent and womanly." The poem would be uninteresting if it did not attribute suffering to the fixed man who refuses to turn to be photographed, and transparent longing to the woman who mars him. The circular form of the poem—from the immobile man to the immobile man—itself makes a transparent wave of longing, curbed by the self-censure of the speaker and witness.



Louise Glück by Gerard Malanga

In Glück's bitter "Thanksgiving" the "summoned prey" come to eat, knowing that they will be eaten, tracked down and located by their hoofprints in the snow. In the ritual, eater and eaten have their role: the part of the eater is not to relent, the part of the eaten is not to forgive; all is order, all is a dying order. It may be an allegory of the generations. Nature is as meticulous as the feasters: before it destroys, it sorts. The summoned prey; the sorted leaves; the lethal wind; the treacherous snow; the waiting predators; the dying order: all this is prefaced by the name of America's most genial family feast.

I have put last Glück's chilling explanation of the event always considered the most unnatural of all—the death of children. "You see," she says ingenuously, "they have no judgment./So it is natural that they should drown," should resume their fetal condition—blind, weightless, suspended in water. Weightless again, but now in the pond, they wait in the water hearing their parents' fruitless calls, "lost/in the waters, blue and permanent." Glück's last line evades analysis: is it an accident that I link *blue* and *permanent* with ink? It is hard to fix the speaker's relation to the children: she wants death to have been easy for them, she wants them to think of their brief earthly life as a dream; but yet she wants them still to hear the beckoning earthly voices, passing above them like lures over fish suspended just below the surface. It is as though Glück were a mother excusing their fault, hoping they were not hurt and do not miss her, and yet unwilling that they should forget her utterly or be deaf to her voice. We are made to remember, with her, the last moment, the floating scarf, surrealistically prolonged; and we bequeath them, with her, to the pond's colder maternity. But the last act, against all reason, is the call, "come home, come home."

Glück's cryptic narratives invite our participation: we must, according to the case, fill out the story, substitute ourselves for the fictive personages, invent a scenario from which the speaker can utter her lines, decode the import, "solve" the allegory. Or such is our first impulse. Later, I think, we no longer care, in "Thanksgiving" for instance, who are the prey and who the predators: we read the poem, instead, as a truth complete within its own terms, reflecting some one of the innumerable configurations into which experience falls. Glück's independent structures, populated by nameless and often ghostly forms engaged in archaic or timeless motions, satisfy without referent. They are far removed from the more circumstantial poetry written by women poets in the last 10 years, but they remain poems chiefly about childhood, family life, love, and motherhood. In their obliquity and reserve, they offer an

"HOW BEST to celebrate the anniversary of the overthrow of the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia? For the present rulers of that festive land, that question is easily answered. You round up the 350 families in the area surrounding the village in which Lon Nol was born and slaughter them, and then post their names at an anniversary rally."

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alternative to first-person "confession," while remaining indisputably personal.

The leap in style from Glück's relatively unformed first book (*Firstborn*, 1968) to *The House on Marshland* suggests that Glück is her own best critic. For myself, I would hope she might follow the advice Keats and Stevens gave themselves, and write a long poem: "All kinds of favors," said Stevens, "drop from it."

Helen Vendler

Helen Vendler is professor of English at Boston University.

Books Considered

The World Economy: History and Prospect
by W. W. Rostow
(University of Texas Press; $34.50)

Getting From Here to There
by W. W. Rostow
(McGraw-Hill; $14.95)

When not serving the State Department or advising Presidents Kennedy or Johnson, Walt Whitman Rostow has chosen, like Edward Gibbon, to "scribble, scribble, scribble." We have therefore his thirteenth and fourteenth books, neither of which recalls the 18th-century British master's literary style although they do bear a kinship in grandeur of scope and effort. By far the more important of the two is *The World Economy: History and Prospect*, which Rostow clearly regards as the capstone of his life's work thus far. In this, economic developments are narrated analytically from the industrial revolution to the present, compared country by country, and assessed for future implications. The second book, to which we shall come later, is essentially a brief and uninspired addendum.

The world outlook Rostow finally distills is optimistic, a conclusion which at least in large measure is implicit in the two-part theoretical framework with which he starts. The main component of that framework is his familiar and controversial concept of "stages" of growth in which he pictures countries, like an airplane, at first lying idle (the "age of tradition"), then warming up (generating "the preconditions to growth"), then taking off (with "a sudden burst of investment"), then gaining in altitude ("driving to technological maturity"), and finally soaring freely in the wonderful era of "high mass-consumption." The last stage is obviously that now enjoyed by Western Europe, North America, Oceania, and Japan. The catchy aerodynamic metaphor is all Rostow's. The second component of his theory is a reformulation of alleged long waves in economic history associated with the name of an early 20th-century Russian, Nikolai Kondratieff. But it is the stages, as first introduced by Rostow in 1960, that most firmly shape his analysis as well as his prognosis.

As purely descriptive devices, Rostow's stages can be interesting. They disclose uniformities, however rough, in technologies, the identity of leading industries, the volume of investment, and the trend of birth and death rates as nations move to progressively higher levels of income. For example, as the poorest countries gain some economic headway they commonly do so through development of the simpler technologies such as food processing, textiles and leather goods. Not remarkably, richer countries use more sophisticated techniques and produce a different composition of outputs. Applying all of the foregoing standards, Rostow happily reports that with but few exceptions the world's poorer countries have already passed through their take-offs and moved on into drives to maturity, even India and China. (The only laggards are Burma, Yemen and the newer countries of Africa, he says.) Presumably, in the stages of growth format, the vast majority of the third world is now securely on its way to high mass consumption economies. Rostow estimates that many will make it within the next generation or sooner, practically all of the remainder within a generation or two after that.

It is the confident happiness Rostow displays and this last estimate that serve as a warning. Many other economic historians do not find the same degree of uniformity that Rostow perceives among countries in the "same stage" of development. Even less generally obvious to them is his notion of inexorable progression from one stage to the next. To take a case in point, India by Rostow's reckoning has been on a drive to maturity since 1963, just as the United States was in 1870 and Great Britain in 1830. But neither the United States nor Great Britain had to cope with an overwhelming majority of the population (about 80 percent of India's) that was debilitated and illiterate, nor with a culture that was backward-looking and mystical, nor with an overweening bureaucracy graced with an endemic susceptibility to corruption. Do not the severe class divisions in much of Latin

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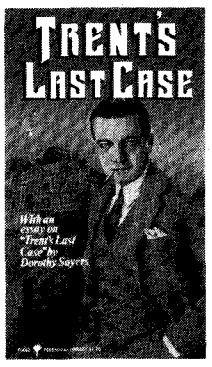

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America or the dictatorship in China shape development in ways significantly different from Australia's? As per capita incomes rise, according to Rostow's mechanistic schema, birthrates are supposed to decline supinely toward a "demographic transition" to a stable population. In Mexico per capita incomes have been rising since at least 1900 while its bursting population today continues to overflow the Texas border. The *distribution* of income, among other things omitted from Rostow's format, has something to do with that. Even traumatic political changes, as the recent history of India shows, can alter population trends.

Rostow is not entirely unaware that his narrowly statistical definition of stages is oversimplified. An occasional reference to a social or political institution discloses that. But by and large he follows a firm rule: never allow an unruly fact to louse up an attractive theory. Nor is Rostow unaware of the physical limits that some have supposed would constrain the kind of exuberant world economic expansion he envisages. Here, one might surmise, he would stand on safely familiar ground. Even the Club of Rome's famous "social engineers" have lately conceded that they erred in extrapolating future trends in the precise image of the past. Belatedly to be sure, they now allow for economic and social resiliency, innovations, and above all the collective measures that enlightened nations might take to avoid collective disaster. They have in mind some kind of rational planning. So does Rostow, though with a surprising quirk.

Three years ago I participated in a panel discussion (with John Kenneth Galbraith, Henry Wallich and Murray Weidenbaum) on economic planning in the most widely attended session in the history of the annual meetings of the American Economic Association. Galbraith is always a drawing card. But this turnout was unprecedented, overflowing two connnected ballrooms in Dallas's largest hotel. It seemed to be, in large part at least, a tribute to the subject's background: 10 preceding years of a cumulatively growing and provocative literature on the need for the United States to coordinate its policies in an overall, internally consistent plan. The worsening of the unemployment-inflation dilemma was by then evident to nearly everyone, along with the failures of the old Neo-Keynesian dogma. So were the longer-run problems of industrial pollution, environmental destruction, resource scarcities, welfare disarray, and chemical horseplay in the food and drug industries. Adding to the interest was the Humphrey-Javits bill on planning then being shoved around in Congress. The remarkable fact is that Rostow greets such issues—and the idea of planning—as though he had spent the last decade circling Venus in a spaceship. There is no reference in his work to any of the relevant literature, either to the books, articles, the individuals involved, or the ideas they expressed. There is even some evidence that he must have misunderstood whatever he may have read, as in his apparent belief that economists had by definition equated full employment with "zero unemployment." First-year economics students know better than that.

All of which no doubt detracts somewhat from the interest readers may have in *Getting From Here to There,* for it is in this volume that Rostow concentrates on economic policy. On the very first page, as though he had just disembarked on planet Earth, he announces his discovery of an unprecedented crisis—"an important turning point . . . in the world economy and, indeed, in industrial civilization," which started in 1972-73. The startling symptom he has in mind is what we commonly call stagflation. But for Rostow it is not, as many think, primarily the result of the OPEC cartel's dramatic price hike. Nor is stagflation, as I have contended, simply a new name for an old disease that has grown sharply but predictably worse. It is, in Rostow's book, the ominous symptom of the latest turning point in a Kondratieff cycle, which promises for the next 20 or 30 years an era of spreading shortages and rising prices.

Actually, little is known about the long waves in economic activity that Kondratieff thought he had discovered in 1926. That is because the waves are supposed to last from 40 to 60 years. Two waves alone, dated from the present, would take us back well into the 19th century. Reasonably abundant and reliable data cease, going backward in time, around the end of the Civil War. Hence leading experts on cycles like Wesley C. Mitchell, Arthur Burns and Simon Kuznets have been uniformly skeptical about the reality of Kondratieff waves, especially since they are not distinctly marked even in the modern periods for which data are ample.

But not so for Rostow. He views the downswing of a Kondratieff cycle as a decline in raw material prices, relative to all others, signaling an era of abundant cheap supplies and good business. An upswing signals scarcities of raw materials bearing inflation and a decline in real incomes. That is the fix we're in now, he says, with inflation due to last another 20 or 30 years. Which brings Rostow to planning and such novel ideas as voluntary business-labor agreements to keep prices and wages low and the calculation of interindustry relationships (shades of Nobel laureate Wassily Leontief, unnoted) to permit achievable production goals. Of course, some may contend that even if Rostow had read every word all of us have written, he would not be that much wiser. Maybe so. But at least he would know what's new.

In short, I would be astonished if a general reader, much less a student, found anything significant to learn in *Getting From Here to There.* Probably, its often pompous and usually soporific prose will stop most who open its pages from ever finding out. *The World Economy: History and Prospect* is of a different order, not in merit but in character. Unlike its shorter companion, it is written for technicians. A formidable work, though warped and muddled, it assembles in one place a storehouse of statistical informa-

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tion on population trends, industrialization, production, investment, prices, public outlays and the other quantitative paraphernalia of development economics. I do not anticipate that many will sample more than snatches of its 830 pages, but for scholars it may serve as a useful reference.

Melville J. Ulmer

Unemployment in History: Economic Thought and Public Policy by John A. Garraty

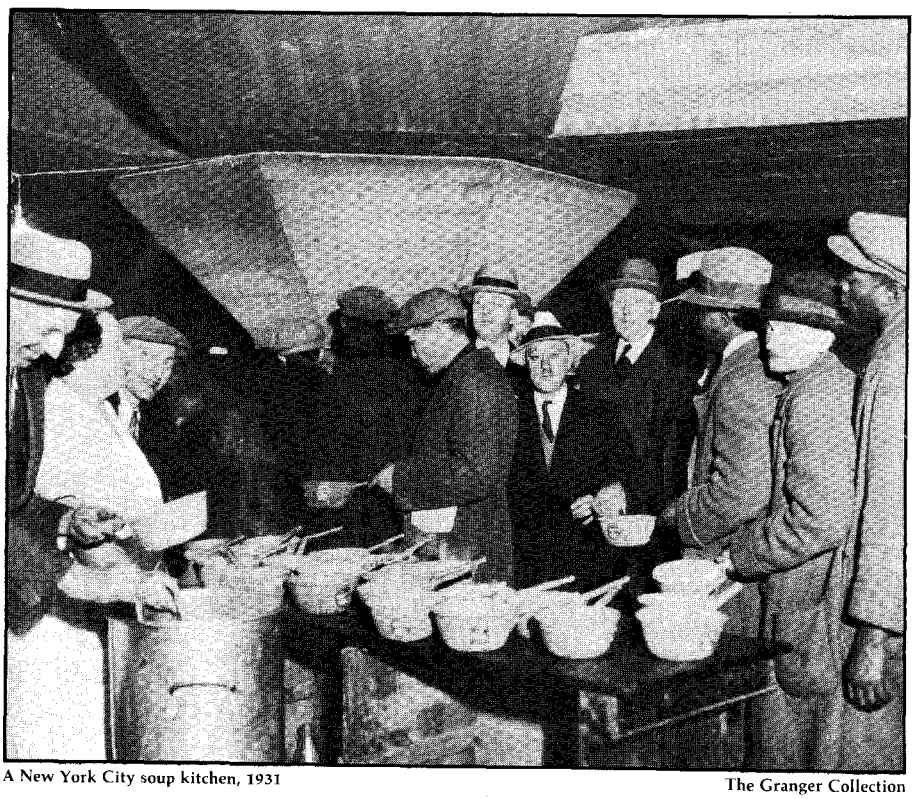
(Harper and Row; $15)

From the end of the great depression of the 1930s until recently, persistent unemployment was deemed an economic ordeal and public scandal. Today we implicitly debate whether it really makes a difference. It is not only conservative economists who suggest that unemployment of five percent or below is a sentimental and archaic goal. Weary liberals also worry that the old statistics mean little in an era of high unemployment benefits, women crowding the labor market, and apparently intractable difficulties in educating inner-city youth. Whatever the virtues of this disillusioned decade, it shall not be remembered as an age of solidarity.

Professor Garraty himself suspects that the causes and conditions of joblessness have so evolved that the traumatic memories of the depression are no longer an appropriate starting point for public policy. Humphrey-Hawkins means preparing to fight the last war. At the end of his stimulating and useful survey of diagnoses of unemployment throughout history, Garraty thus implies that history has only limited relevance. Nonetheless, his extensive marshalling of historical accounts, social commentary, and economic theory in several languages makes his study a valuable guide for illuminating today's issues. Certainly the profound ambivalence of earlier eras toward those without work—the mixture of charitable concern and harsh condemnation—still underlies contemporary policy responses.

Unemployment in History is less a survey of the condition of being unemployed than of the thinking about it. As Garraty stresses, until the age of industrialization the concept of unemployment was actually hard to distinguish from that of poverty (a basic human condition) or the more wretched destitution termed pauperism. It was the industrial business cycle that obviously created masses of idle workers swollen beyond the normal complement of vagrants, handicapped, professional beggars and seasonally employed casual labor. It is still unclear, as Garraty explains, what constitutes unemployment. Is the student who unsuccessfully seeks a summer job unemployed in the same sense as the adolescent who is trying to enter the labor market on a durable basis? Is the discouraged older man who gives up searching? Or the secretary who quits a boring post and decides to make do with weekly public support before she accepts another? Some recent critics of Keynesian intervention have even argued that since masses of men were on the WPA payrolls in the 1930s, unemployment was half a mirage in the depression. With sufficient ingenuity, employed social scientists can virtually eliminate the problem in statistical terms. Then, of course, we verge on solutions worthy of Molière.

Beyond tracing the discovery of unemployment, Garraty records the centuries-long debate over palliatives. By the late middle ages the mass of uprooted men and women was profoundly unsettling. Their worklessness offended a hierarchical and task-oriented society; their relief burdened the Church and private benefactors. Consequently early modern Europe saw major efforts to compel the able-bodied to work and to systematize support for the incapable. This dual effort, built into early welfare schemes in Lyons, the German city states and other towns, likewise underlying the Elizabethan Poor Law, has characterized treatment of the problem ever since. The most notorious mechanism for sifting the deserving from the supposedly shiftless was the 1834 New Poor Law in Britain. This self-enforcing liberal "reform" established workhouses for relief but made them so regimented and wretched that only the really desperate would enter. Even the work-oriented Victorians found it hard to live with this harsh self-segregation of misery, and the workhouse system broke down amid scandals of bone-meal nourishment and



A New York City soup kitchen, 1931

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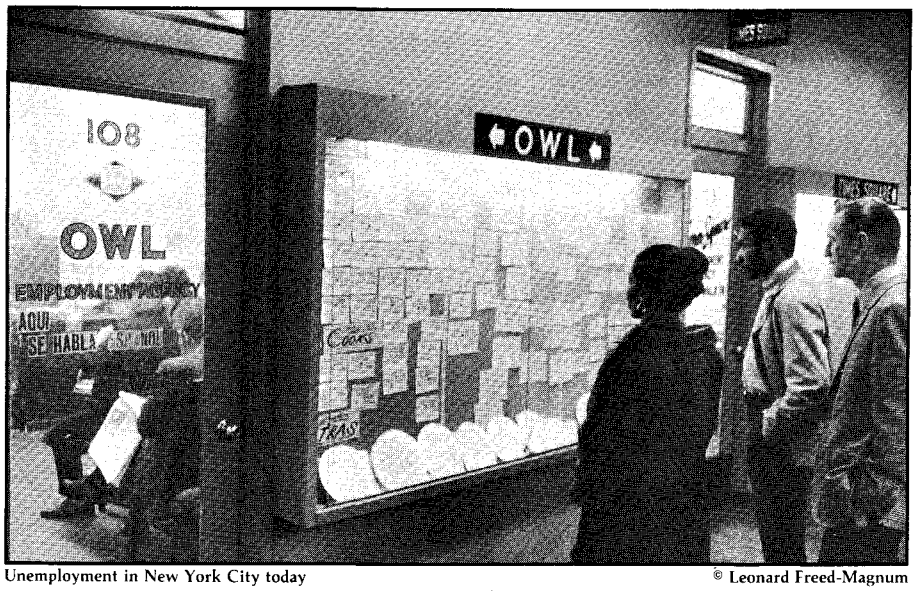
confinement of the poor with the insane. Still, the underlying impulse has retained merit for societies willing to support the worthy poor but reluctant to subsidize the lazy. The same approach was implicit in the Nixon-Moynihan Family Assistance plan, and in general, American welfare efforts lurch between the carrot and the stick.

Garraty's conspectus of relief schemes and ideas on poverty is a learned and instructive one, as he reveals how slowly commentators progressed from blaming unemployment on defects of personal character. Only when the business cycle was understood as a major aspect of industrial capitalism did enlightened social thinkers begin to emphasize flaws in the economic system as a whole. Even this new perception did not always entail acceptance of public responsibility. For social engineers or humanitarians, government action might indeed seem to follow. As early as 1790 a French Revolutionary committee established to eliminate mendicancy is cited by Garraty as boldly declaring, *"La misère des peuples est un tort des gouvernements."* But others continued to argue that even if unemployment were a collective or systemic problem, the answer lay not in state intervention but collective restraint on the part of wage-earners. At least until Keynes, the brunt of neoclassical theory was that full employment might always be reached at some wage level, if only labor permitted.

In this book as in earlier work Garraty demonstrates a fine sense of what constitutes a significant comparative historical problem. I would have preferred a more extensive analysis of the meaning of work and worklessness than Garraty has allowed himself. One of the dilemmas inherent in coping with unemployment arises from the fact that our societies try to solve multiple tasks through the labor market. We seek to ensure a secular sacrament of worthiness; we distribute the tasks we will pay to have accomplished (i.e., the ones families or women cannot perform for "free"); and we allocate much of the national income. Despite apologists for the high earnings of executives or physicians these functions have no necessarily logical connection. It might well pay to keep some potential workers idle at normal wages rather than pour resources into obsolescent technologies. But this would conflict, of course, with all the psychic rewards and discipline involved in labor. Our contradictory stance toward the unemployed—fearing their condition, begrudging their liberty—opens up a whole range of unexplored issues about freedom and compulsion in our institutional life.



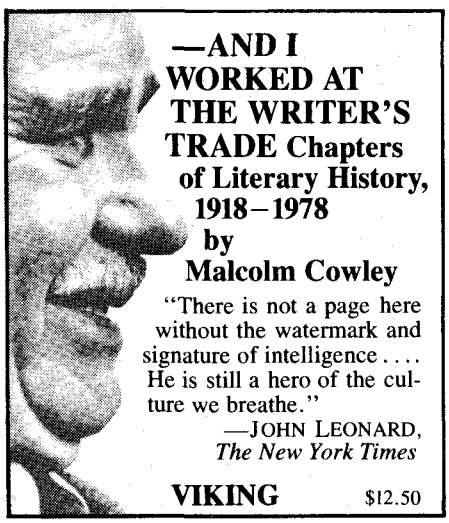
Unemployment in New York City today © Leonard Freed-Magnum

In his analysis of contemporary problems, moreover, Garraty may be making the Phillips curve—the "trade-off" between inflation and unemployment—too iron a law. He implies that the only strategy of reducing unemployment is fiscal and monetary stimulation of the economy as a whole, which is untargeted and wasteful in light of today's structural unemployment. Today we realize that not merely depressions involve what Schumpeter called creative destruction, removing the deadwood of industry and facilitating a recovery by healthy producers. Instead economic advances are constantly shoving enterprises into marginality. And when, as in the modern central city, the victims are left to languish, educational lags then reinforce the difficulties of employment.

In fact, many of these unemployed will be reabsorbed in a vigorous economy. They need not all have sophisticated skills. Despite the arguments against controls that President Carter has unfortunately accepted with such seeming rigidity, incomes policies do often work. Controls and incentives can be combined to allow fiscal stimulation while holding a lid on prices.

In addition there are "microeconomic" approaches that Garraty's conclusions do not fully take into account. Swedish economists have suggested marginal employment subsidies that involve intra-industry taxes levied upon all firms in a given sector but paid back to subsidize those who take on more workers. Hence no aggregate burden is placed on the industrial activity as a whole, but incentives are provided for productivity gains that can be immediately channeled into higher employment. The government might likewise subsidize retraining provisions in private labor contracts, as for instance when linotype operators must be made into computer operators if they are not to be fired. Unemployment compensation might be more directly coupled with retraining or education in general. Rather than encourage a disspiriting job search during the period of relief, ask for school attendance. The necessary educational infrastructure would not be easy to establish and would constantly have to be modernized, but rightly understood this is a process of social capital formation. The concern of the 17th century, as Garraty usefully stresses, was that unemployment was a wasted potential for society as a whole. Shorn of its coercive aspects that recognition is an important one.

Garraty's own perplexedness reflects the larger helpless feeling of contemporary society. But in a sense the lugubrious Phillips curve that Garraty sees as so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unyielding is an intellectual monument to a way of seeing production that is itself obsolescent, that is, as hardware or undifferentiated GNP. Leaving aside the dubious new nostrums of the small-is-beautiful ilk or other yearnings for a granola economy, there is still something antiquated about the post-Keynesian paradigm. It represents in effect the twilight of theory for the industrial epoch. Garraty's conclusion reflects this inadequacy even as it expertly traces its origins.

Charles S. Maier

Charles Maier is the author of *Recasting Bourgeois Europe* (Princeton).

Ruskin
by Quentin Bell
(Braziller; $8.95)

John Ruskin: the Argument of the Eye
by Robert Hewison
(Princeton University Press; $15)

John Ruskin was, in his day, as eminent as any Victorian, and almost as influential. A voluminous writer—his incomplete, collected works run to 39 substantial volumes—he has been even more written about. Not only the foremost art critic in English, a major social critic and philosopher and a distinguished prose stylist, he was also the mentor of such a many-sided genius as Dante Gabriel Rossetti and, even in an age in which Lewis Carroll flourished, the most public nympholept before Lolita's Humbert Humbert turned fact into fiction.

No wonder, then, that the announcement of Quentin Bell's *Ruskin*, with a release date of September 1977, loomed as a publishing event. Having reviewed Bell's significant and thorough *Virginia Woolf* in these pages, I looked forward to doing the same for his *Ruskin*. Then the publication date of Ruskin began to suffer regular postponements. I thought I understood. In London, the *Times Literary Supplement* had published an important new letter bearing upon Ruskin's disastrous and unconsummated marriage. Aha! I thought: Bell has retrieved his proofs to take it into account. It was not easy to keep up with the continuing flood of Ruskin scholarship. Then came a letter to the editor of *TLS* correcting Jeffrey Spear's reading of that Ruskin manuscript at several points. Sure enough, there was another postponement. Then another important Ruskin letter appeared for the first time in *TLS*, edited by the distinguished Ruskin critic Mary Lutyens, and I could imagine the impeccable Bell again recalling his proofs.

The new publication date, pushed first to June, was finally set as July 1978. In due course an advance copy arrived, modest in size and with a 4½-page preface hoping that the foregoing pages would help the reader to get to know "a very great man." The book was, the dust jacket announced, a "new, fully revised edition" of a brief critical biography which Bell had first published in 1963. Without a Hinman collator at home, and mildly distracted by the inept play of the Mets and Phillies on the tube, I was unable to give the text a thorough comparison to the earlier edition, but by the time the Phillies had thrown the game away to the hapless Mets in the ninth inning I was ready to call the Federal Trade Commission. I had detected two paragraphs on page 49 slightly altered, a single word correctly removed from the end of an otherwise accurate quotation on page 103, three typographical errors not in the original text, and an additional page of bibliography prefaced only too accurately by the lines, "Since this book was first published a number of contributions to Ruskin scholarship have appeared. The following list is by no means exhaustive." The most recent new entry is dated 1974. None of the above is to seriously fault Quentin Bell, who apparently had approved little more than the reprinting of his book with a new preface. And his *Ruskin* remains the best short critical biography, a work of deftness and skill in encompassing his subject's life and thought in so few pages yet with enough judicious quotations to not only provide the flavor of Ruskin's style but the essence of the man. Ruskin, says Bell, was "the first art critic to create one masterpiece in praising another." And he does explain how and why, going into the wellsprings of Ruskin's own art with just enough psychologizing to establish his hypotheses, in the process rehabilitating Ruskin's later, and less admired, writings. Still, this is essentially the 1963 model with a new and misleading dust jacket.

Better things can be said for the publisher of Robert Hewison's *John Ruskin: the Argument of the Eye*, which is handsomely produced, with black-and-white and color plates which are judiciously selected to bolster the critic's thesis, and a readable, well-annotated text. Yet again there is a problem. Hewison, an English critic a generation younger than Bell, professes to study Ruskin's "visual imagination" in an analysis which "is not exactly art history, literary criticism, aesthetics, economics, or philosophy" but rather an attempt "to show how these formal disciplines found their relations within Ruskin's mind." It has been done before, notably by John Rosenberg and George Landow, and curiously, while summoning *them* frequently, Hewison never seems to need to consult Quentin Bell's book.

While adding little to the continuing discussion of Ruskin's esthetics, Hewison's work does survey the topography of that debate well, tracing the develop-

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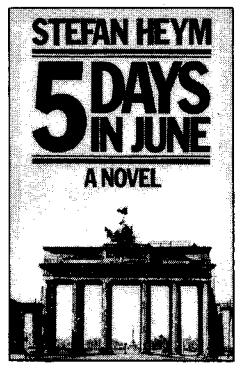

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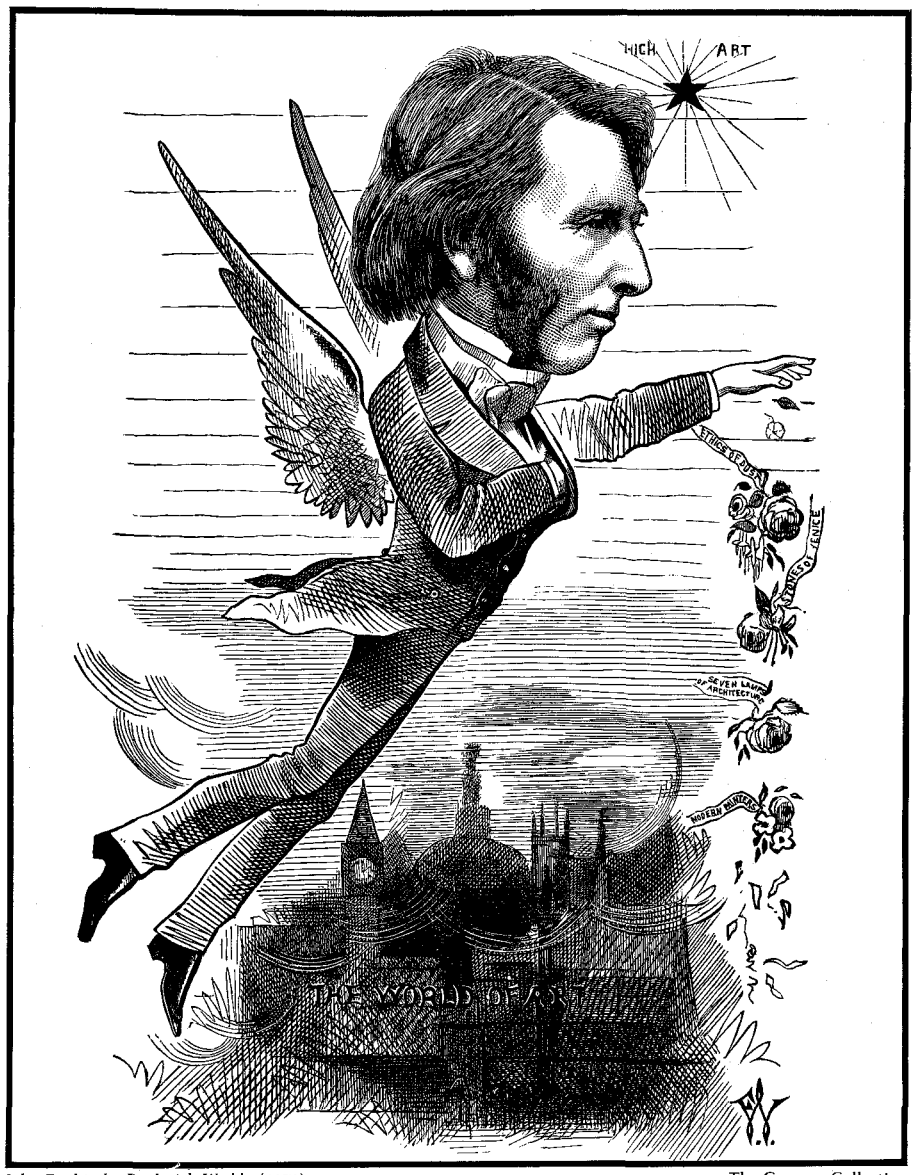
ment of Ruskin from gifted Victorian amateur to the most influential critic of the visual arts in his time, a position he held despite eccentricities of behavior which in a later age might have discredited his message and institutionalized him under medication, which would have left him a drowsy but harmless vegetable.

Hewison's thesis is that Ruskin's esthetics was not a matter of adjudicating the relative values of line and light, nor of analyzing the technical skills of the artist, for Ruskin was a Victorian, and could not perceive a work of art or architecture apart from its own moral context. Utilizing the 19th-century language of the relations between physiology and psychology, Ruskin insisted that "the physical splendour of light and colour, so far from being the perception of mechanical force by a mechanical instrument, is an entirely spiritual consciousness, accurately and absolutely proportioned to the purity of the moral nature, and to the force of its natural and wise affections." That he had always thought so, although he had not yet thought systematically about it, is clear from the first prickings of his social con-



John Ruskin by Frederick Waddy (1872) The Granger Collection

science, as he described it in writing to his parents from Italy as a young man. "I don't see how it is possible," he wrote, not altogether painfully, "for a person who gets up at four, goes to bed at 10, eats ices when he is hot, beef when he is hungry, gets rid of all claims of charity by giving money which he hasn't earned—and those of compassion by treating all distress more as picturesque than as real—I don't see how it is at all possible for such a person to write good poetry. Yesterday, I came on a poor little child lying flat on the pavement in Bologna—sleeping like a corpse—possibly from too little food. I pulled up immediately—not in pity, but in *delight* at the folds of its poor little ragged chemise over the thin bosom—and gave the mother money—not in charity, but to keep the flies off it while I made a sketch. I don't see how this is to be avoided, but it is very hardening."

The conflict of his enlarging moral conscience with his enlarging esthetic consciousness would often result in a vigorous prose which has not lost its readability although the issues about which he battled have become history, while his dialectical approach to perception ("intellectual lens, and moral retina") now offers no new surprises. We continue to analyze his thought, but as Quentin Bell has put it, Ruskin is not simply an art critic, having written about "a great many other things, political economy, geology, little girls, biology, and pretty well anything else. . . . Frequently the topics in themselves are boring, but Ruskin is never a bore. Frequently he talks nonsense and sometimes he saw the truth with startling clarity; but right or wrong his prose remains intensely alive, [and] reading it we get to know him. . . ." As Bernard Shaw insisted, "A true original style is never achieved for its own sake. . . . Effectiveness of assertion is the Alpha and Omega of style." Even when we disprove whatever it is that is being asserted, Shaw wrote in 1903, three years after Ruskin's death, the style remains.

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"Darwin has no more destroyed the style of Job nor of Handel than Martin Luther destroyed the style of Giotto. All the assertions get disproved sooner or later; and so we find the world full of a magnificent debris of artistic fossils, with the matter-of-fact credibility gone clean out of them, but the form still splendid." So often demonstrably wrong and self-contradictory, Ruskin nevertheless outlasts all his critics.

Stanley Weintraub

Stanley Weintraub's most recent book is *Four Rossettis* (W&T/McKay).

To Dance
by Valery Panov with George Feifer

(Knopf; $12.95)

Baryshnikov's decision to join the New York City Ballet is only the most recent reminder that the dancers who left the Soviet Union for artistic freedom in the West haven't had a wholly happy experience. Baryshnikov has decided to work with Balanchine because at the American Ballet Theatre he found himself in an ironic replica of the situation he had defected from: instead of a challenging repertory of new roles, he still saw ahead of him years of the same *Giselle*. Makarova too has made public her disappointment at not finding in the West the major new roles which she had hoped would help her grow as an artist. And in Nureyev's incessant but not very distinguished activity with countless dance companies one senses his own awareness that genuine, rich development hasn't taken place.

But these disappointments have more to do with ballet in particular than with general artistic conditions in the West. Balanchine, the greatest genius dance has ever seen, is still doing important work, but he is unique, and his company isn't the likeliest setting for an ex-Russian superstar. The remarkable boom in ballet audiences, ballet companies and ballet dancers hasn't yielded anything like an equivalent boom in choreographic talent. All of which is to say that these great Russian dancers were bound to be disappointed by their experiences here. But in *To Dance*, the record of the experience of the other two prominent exiles from the Russian ballet world, Valery and Galina Panov, we learn again how right all these dancers were to get out in the first place, whatever happened later. This book, which begins as a memoir of Valery Panov's career as a dancer, turns half way through into a horror story.

When he came to the United States on a tour in 1959 Panov expressed his enjoyment of our way of life with imprudent openness; because of this and of many other nonconformist acts (some of which he acknowledges to have been childish and thoughtless), he was not allowed to join the Kirov's later Western tours and therefore it was impossible for him to "defect" as the other three dancers had been able to. When his longings for Western freedom, his specific longings as a Jew to find a homeland in Israel, and his sense of repeated frustration in the politically controlled world of Soviet ballet all combined to make him need to leave Russia, he had no alternative but the ordinary channels, which is to say that he had no alternative but torture. The moment they applied for exit visas for Israel, the Panovs were subjected to bureaucratic harassment, personal vilification and open physical violence, all of an unremitting virulence which even their own earlier experience of

Galina and Valery Panov

Photograph by Jeff Vinson

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their system had not really prepared them for and which they barely survived. One reason why they survived was the persistent campaign of support from Western critics and artists, and the account of this forms an important and moving chapter in the tangled and ironic history of cultural relations between Russia and the West. But the Panovs survived mainly because of their strength of purpose and of spirit and their loyalty to each other. One reads the record of this endurance with real admiration—and with pain, for in this case spiritual survival, even spiritual triumph, were not enough; the body is less resilient than the mind. Once the Panovs had indicated their choice to emigrate, they were automatically deprived of the institutional facilities of the Kirov company—not only the chance to perform but the chance to use practice halls and to get professional supervision—and this led to a grave deterioration in physical condition which there is reason to believe has been permanently damaging in Panov's case and perhaps even in the younger Galina Panov's. At any rate, they have not yet established themselves as major dancers in the West. They can be said without exaggeration to have suffered martyrdom for their entirely peaceful rebellion against Soviet tyranny, and as a record of this martyrdom, *To Dance* has considerable power and importance.

But I had hoped also to gain insight from Panov's unique experience, and here I was disappointed. It's because the book ends with the Panovs' arrival at the Tel Aviv airport that there is no extended narrative of comparison between working conditions in the Kirov and in Western companies. But in fact such a comparison doesn't seem within Panov's range. It is with almost total naivete that Panov presents himself as an artist seeking freedom; the exceptionally complex question of what freedom means in ballet entirely escapes his interest and attention.

The very nature of classical ballet makes for a unique tension among the most important elements in art: tradition, style, discipline, talent and individuality. And when you cross-cut this tension with the different tension between the artist and the system in a totalitarian society, you have a fascinating complex to untangle, one for which Panov's experience might have given him a unique competence. Again and again he does in fact present situations that make us long for just the kind of study his double experience could have made possible. And again and again we are disappointed.

Consider the following intrigue. Rachinsky, a party hack ignorant of ballet but nevertheless the director of the Kirov, is the "protector" of the vivid, ambitious, rather coarse ballerina Fedicheva whose "long arms, large step, and powerful jump made her a striking heroine in flashy roles" but whom Panov considers much inferior to Makarova and Komleva "in everything requiring delicacy." Rachinsky not only sees to it that Fedicheva gets favored over Makarova and Komleva, but also conspires with her to oust Sergeyev, the elegant aging ballet-master who is the curator of the great Kirov classics and himself the embodiment (as ex-dancer, choreographer and coach) of the famous Kirov "style." Panov, highly ambitious and himself somewhat ambivalent about the Kirov style and about Sergeyev, is encouraged by Fedicheva to join the conspiracy. What stops him is both his still fairly strong loyalty to Sergeyev and his rebelliousness at the prospect of being dominated by Fedicheva. He rejects her offer in a manner which he himself characterizes as "self-indulgent" and "grievance-nursing" and this action is a leading factor in his becoming a suspicious character in the eyes of the system that Rachinsky embodies.

This story is thoroughly plausible and one follows it with interest. But as an instance of the forces that interfere with "freedom" in the Soviet system it isn't really meaningful in the way it clearly intends to be. Panov hasn't been able to make clear distinctions among the elements involved: those that represent back-stage intrigue normal to any ballet company; those that represent the way a tradition survives or dies in any ballet company; those that represent the kind of bureaucratic interplay one would find in any Western artistic institution; and those that represent the specific abuses of the Soviet state's control of the arts. Panov has a lot to say about the obviously key figure Sergeyev, but the nuances of his admiration and regretful condemnation of Sergeyev never become clear enough to promote understanding of the situation in either political or artistic terms. Panov's suffering commands our sympathy as does his poignantly naive struggle toward artistic freedom. But *To Dance* hasn't much to offer in the way of insight into either ballet or the politics of culture in the West or in the Soviet Union.

Robert Garis

Robert Garis is professor of English at Wellesley College.

Reconsideration

Urbanism as a Way of Life by Louis Wirth

The year 1978, July to be precise, marks the 40th anniversary of the publication of Louis Wirth's classic article, "Urbanism as a Way of Life." I use the term classic with certainty, for given the half life of the typical article or book generated in the social sciences, forty years is equivalent to several lifetimes. Indeed, if one does not find, as the expression goes, today's fish being wrapped in yesterday's publication, then one surely is remaindered before remembered.

It is not difficult to see why Wirth's study, which originally appeared in the July, 1938, issue of the *American Sociological Review*, should remain provocative and relevant, if not controversial. The topic of the piece, as the title implies, evokes personal as well as intellectual responses in each of us. Is the man actually saying that a city somehow insinuates itself into one's blood stream, or brainstream? Is he actually suggesting that people physically, psychologically, spiritually incorporate or internalize that indefinable amalgam of heaven only knows what called urbanism?

In fact, the power of the article rests in

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great measure not only on its sturdy sociological scaffold, but on its almost lyrical and ephemeral references. Wirth was never one to eschew what Aristotle called mythopoetic forms of knowledge, nor degrade that which we learn by sensing and feeling. Unselfconsciously he wrote of people coming "under the spell of the influences which the city exerts . . . ." He spoke of the character of social life being molded into specifically urban forms, and people "immunizing themselves against the personal claims and expectations of others." Above all, he wrote with concern for the history of cities, and the destinies of the people who lived in them, and by their very being shaped and were shaped by them. And he never lost track of, or faith in, the sociological enterprise, or at least the Chicago School of Sociology which he and his colleagues were establishing through their methodology and exquisite sensitivity to social forms, patterns, details.

For Wirth, the size of a community was relevant to any definition of a city only insofar as numbers could first, be examined in larger cultural and historical contexts, and second, be interpreted in terms of the effect of a city on the social life of its residents. Alerting the reader to numerical and historical criteria of city life, Wirth defined a city "as a relatively large, dense, and permanent settlement of socially heterogeneous individuals." One lingers here on concepts of density, permanence and social heterogeneity if only because the words themselves are so imposing. Yet Wirth, in an article of not great length, makes the language and the constraints come alive.

He points at once to the changing purpose of people congregating in American cities. He speaks, for example, of the need to bring various sorts of people together, because of the different capacities and roles they may present to one another. Yet he warns that the greater number of people involved in any interaction, the greater will be the differentiation among them. This notion, probably, is the cornerstone of the piece, the chunk of theory derived from his concern with size of cities and the quality of life that would develop among crowded masses of people.

Specifically, Wirth conceived of the city as a collection of people living in a way that necessitated interpersonal indifference, and reconciling and adjusting themselves to wholly inpersonal, segmented, superficial contacts. In this apotheosis of the blasé, he saw human spontaneity, self-expression and a feeling of high morale disappearing. In their place loomed the schizoid character of the urban personality. City life then, with its emphasis on the soulless corporate body and its economically determined rules for defining labor and work responsibilities, yielded the very anomic world Durkheim had articulated in his own classic study on suicide. The urban dweller would come to know occupational specialization, anonymity, instability in role relationships, and an enormous degree of dependence on almost anyone for almost anything.

In that city life typically renders *physical* contacts close but *social* contacts distant, the premium, Wirth observed, eventually is put on visual recognition. His or her sensitivity to nature dulled, the urban dweller literally is inundated with physical artifacts, each with its respective meaning, its respective place in the structure of the urban social life. (New York born comic Sam Levinson once remarked that, as a boy, in order to see the country, he sneaked into cars lined up in funeral processions.) Furthermore, as one encountered artifact after artifact, street light and clock, sidewalk and building, so did one pass from one aspect of living to another. Work to school to home to church to place of recreation. It was a mosaic of

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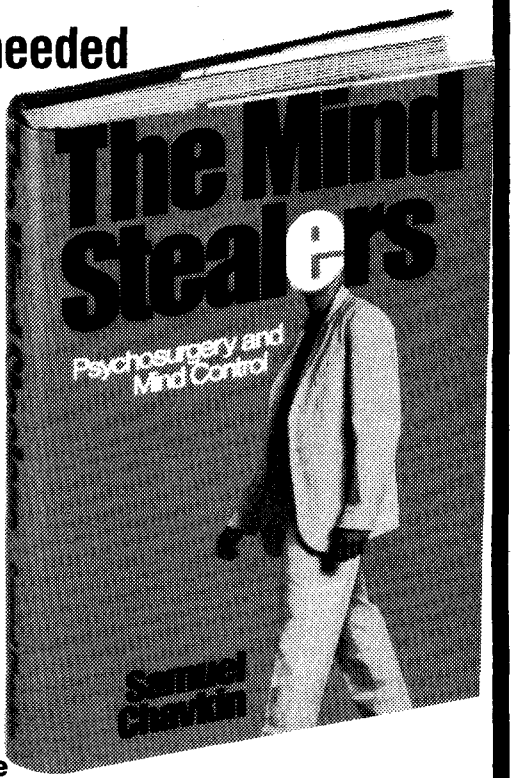

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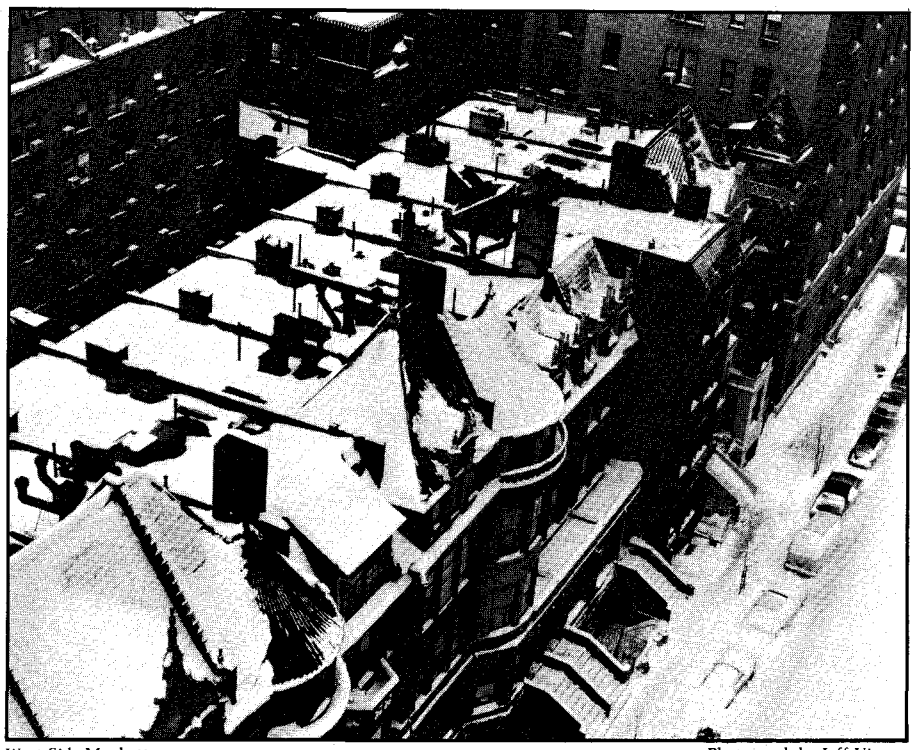
impersonal artifacts that splashed in the face of the city dweller. It was a mosaic which diminished friendships, and induced competition, aggrandizement, mutual exploitation. Wirth never went so far as to suggest that in time families would be run according to the impersonal patterns of corporations, but he was wholly prepared for families, like urban societies, appealing to formal agents of social control, and thereby employing teachers and police as disciplinarians for their children. For Wirth, it was no surprise that the family had become merely another grouping, experiencing with all other urban groups the city's complicated tempi and technology. If urban dwellers felt lonely, as Wirth argued they did, it well might be that families, by dint of the transformation in the bonds that held family members together, would offer no protection from this death-causing disease.

A sociological argument through and through, Wirth's portrayal of city life included a section on the inevitable breakdown of caste lines and the corresponding emphasis on social stratification. If urban denizens dreamed of "making it," then they merely were reacting to the unstable tenuous but nonetheless finely etched social sculpture called status. A person's inability to properly define this slippery notion of "making it," moreover, probably resulted from the fluidity of mass movements, and the fact that persons necessarily rose and fell in urban society as a function of membership in several groups. In fact, Wirth astutely pointed to the premium placed on outrageous and eccentric human behavior. If nothing else, the eccentric act, the role of the freak, as Fiedler recently observed, gave one respite from the normalizing, socializing roles imposed by one's group associations. If industries, Wirth wrote, were mass producing goods, then the urban world was mass producing human services and needs, and demanding that people "fit," for good and for always. There would be no place for individuality and particularism in a world honoring collective action, mass clientele, average taste. Even an allegiance to that mythic body called the community involved a sense of depersonalization, and the subordination of singular drives and purposes. One wonders, in this regard, whether that which is called individualism and social narcissism in fact is compensatory; a manifest rebellion against the reality of anonymity and alienation.

Wirth's solemn appraisal of city living was profoundly affected by his familiarity with demographic variables. He knew well the impact on social life of an influx into a city of foreign born people. He was only too aware of the strife that people of dissimilar social biographies experienced, particularly in the sphere of employment. He was equally sophisticated about the effect on social life and human bonds of land values, rental and ownership patterns, transportation and utility costs, and above all, differential birth and death rates among various class and ethnic groupings. Income and status were two of his pet variables; the changing family the delicate unit one feels he watched with a certain degree of melancholy. But always his eye fell on the bond of friendship, the quality of human associations, and the political, economic and social factors extant in urban life, that shaped these bonds and gave meaning to the quality of these associations.

One senses Wirth, in this article, lamenting the passage of true individualism, living styles underwriting genuine autonomy, even self-employment. Surely he could not be sanguine about the fact that virtually no human need could remain free of commercialism. How prophetic he was 40 years ago when he commented on America's growing passive spectatorism. And how sadly amused he might have been by our contemporary plethora of human growth groups and personal want ads. Wirth would not have been surprised at changes not only in philosophies of family life, but at the increasing fragility of the bonds holding men and women, parents and children together. He would not have been surprised at the volatility that results from this fragility, and the desperate search of people to locate some logical and legitimate object or agent of control and order: a psychiatrist, counselor, policeman, possibly even the most popular self-help book, ideology, or celebrity. He would not have been surprised at the rising crime, homicide, suicide and general mental breakdown rates. He saw these eventualities in the structure of city life, in the connective tissue of human friendship, and importantly, in the methods and manner of human communication.

In complex cities, governed by technological advances and characterized by so-called secondary forms of human association, friendships, that is, based on



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need, utility and function, communication can only proceed on the most elementary levels. Density alone would dictate talk of the most common denominators. One wonders what Wirth would have written had he been able even to sense the extraordinary power of television. Forty years ago he wrote, "In view of the ineffectiveness of actual kinship ties we create fictional kinship groups." It was a significant observation, for beyond the McLuhan notions that for so long have influenced our thinking about television, Wirth was suggesting something very considerable. Was the traditional kinship structure being replaced by television programming? Were the weekly visits of the Waltons, Bonanza men, the Archie Bunkers and whomevers, somehow replacing the regular visits of family members? Were the family bible, diary, dinner table conversation giving way to the TV Guide?

Of course Wirth's arguments have been attacked, often in eloquent fashion. One of the best comes from Herbert Gans, one of America's most astute urban observers. Briefly, Gans found fault with Wirth's failure to distinguish city life and so-called non-city life. The world of the suburbs, for example, would force still newer stimuli into the bonds of human association. Furthermore, Gans contended, one could not justify applying the term *Gesellschaft* to urban relationships. Indeed, many of Wirth's assertions simply could not be confirmed empirically. Admittedly, they also could not be disconfirmed, even with today's more sophisticated sociological research arsenal.

It well may be, as Gans wrote 15 years ago, that "Wirth's description of the urban way of life fits best the transient areas of the inner city." It also may be that increasingly more of city life has taken on the quality of so-called inner-city life, a term, incidentally, that is as slippery as it is politically charged. Nonetheless, "Urbanism as a Way of Life," both as article and reality, remain, and as they say, demand our attention. The cities, surely, require the best minds, the best muscles, the best of all of us. All of us, however, refers not only to the survivors, but to our ancestors, especially our intellectual ancestors. So occasionally, it seems appropriate that we "ask" history once again to speak its piece. One way we do this is to inspect documents now seemingly more valuable for us as relics than as living resources.

Louis Wirth is more than another expert. He is a living resource, a good counsel, a man who seemingly cared a great deal for the evolution of our cities, our culture, and the way people managed to live with one another, hopefully to find satisfaction in their work and associations. Reading him is not only enlightening, it is a reawakening of one's sensitivities. If nothing more, it's wonderfully pleasant to hunt for treasures one has kept safe for so long, feel the pages of an old book, and rediscover the work of a dear and trusted friend.

Thomas J. Cottle

Thomas J. Cottle's most recent book is *College: Reward and Betrayal* (Univ. of Chicago Press).

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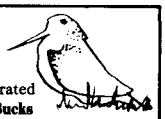

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Washington Diarist

Rites

David, the oldest of our four children, graduated from high school last week. His school is one of those private institutions which, having less and less of a distinctive intellectual or ethical character, exists primarily as an option for urban upper-middle-class parents who don't want to impose the pathologies of public secondary education on their children. I read everywhere that young people these days are practical and ambitiously careerist. David is not; neither are his friends—children also of the professoriat and similar styles of life and work. They were not quite outcasts in school, but neither were they mainstream, especially when they went around the campus altering the stenciled exhortation against their school's traditional athletic adversary from "kill Belmont Hill" to "love. . . ." At best, they were thought to be wanting in school spirit, but it was rarely left at best. Denied just about any genuine rites of passage, our young define themselves either by such small acts of rebellion or by equivalent decisions of accommodation. I am pleased about David's choice, and worried. Spengler warns someplace in his vision of apocalypse that it is time for anxiety aplenty when children of the elites take to handicrafts. Most of our son's peers who troop through our home (at least those who are not rock band drummers) are carpenters. But it is not the Christian model they emulate. Their "thing," which is to say what they are "into," is Eastern religion. I typed part of David's senior paper, and became a stranger in a foreign land of *atman* and *dukka* and *samsara*. He, his friends and his siblings are not children of the 1960s, but rather children of parents of the 1960s. We are the unresolved contradictions between the ideals we failed and the ideals that failed us. Our children scavenge around in our pasts, real and imagined, for what they might salvage. It's no surprise, then, that our young have both a certain rage for order, as Austin Warren called it, and an innocent desire for chaos. At last report, David will not be in college this September. My wife Anne accepts that as desirable and is sure that it's temporary. I can live with that, rationalizing it as not quite punitive overcompensation for an overcultured, overeducated, oververbal home. He'll be working, somewhere, with his hands. That's an honest vocation. He can do that because he's wholly without arrogance. If we of the 1960s are not deceiving ourselves about our children, then perhaps we haven't done so badly after all.

Some people disapprove of honorary degrees, and some institutions don't give them. I enjoy seeing them awarded. They serve at least three symbolic purposes. In paying tribute to very accomplished men and women, they make the point that achievement is part of a continuum without end. In the diversity of people they honor, colleges and universities acknowledge the intrinsic value of work beyond the purely academic, a therapeutic concession for them. Finally, in honoring those who may not be on its own rolls, an institution associates itself with a community of merit that is at least national, if not universal. To be sure, one occasionally wonders what precisely has transformed some shrewd businessman into a merchant prince. But capitalists no longer predominate. The honorary degree also adds to the pageantry of commencements. At Harvard, where I teach, there is always an envying multitude waiting to see what outrageous new colors and uniform Ken Galbraith will be donning. At one recent commencement, having just been honored by yet another Indian university, he showed up with some white garment resembling the *dhoti* worn by Gandhi. On his head was a turban-like headdress, adding about eight superfluous inches to his height. There's a lot of apocrypha about honorary degrees, but a usually reliable source vouches for the truth of the following tale. One professor had proposed Claude Lévi-Strauss for a Harvard honorary, to which a member of the governing board argued that making blue jeans wasn't so distinctive an achievement and, in any case, the man suggested had not contributed money to Harvard. This year Harvard honored Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who has testified to the worst truths of the age and is evidence himself of the best.

My younger son Jesse was eight and we were in Europe where we inexplicably found ourselves invited one night to an unusually grand dinner party. We went. Clerical garb, military regalia, diplomatic pomp, *haute couture*, financier gray, blue jean chic, declining noble seedy, cinema near-nude: all were represented around the huge table where, however, the conversation ranged from the prosaic to the mundane. Afterwards, Jesse asked me specifically about only one of the guests. "A businessman," I said, "one of the wealthiest men in Europe. Why do you ask?" "Because," my son answered, "whenever he spoke everyone became more quiet." A devastating observation, this perception of our embarrassing habits of deference to the very rich. Apparently, however, it's no embarrassment to James Reston. Nelson Rockefeller has celebrated his 70th birthday, Reston told us a fortnight ago, "not because he is 70 just yet . . . but because, like the Queen in Britain, May is more convenient for his friends than July." Reston opined, "It is fair to say that in Washington, at least, he has no enemies, and even his critics and opponents admire him for his record of public service." It may be fair, but it is incorrect. Even in Washington, there are those who remember his years of budgetary megalomania and itchy trigger finger as governor of New York; his statesmanlike chairmanship of the CIA coverup as vice president; and most of all his pointless and spineless presidential campaigns that gave life to the concept, "liberal Republican."

The British are said to be good conversationalists, and the current British ambassador to Washington, Peter Jay, and his wife, who is also the daughter of Prime Minister James Callaghan, are said to be disappointed by the quality of conversation in Washington. I can't say I blame them. They've set about to change the situation in the one place they can—that is, their own residence. Henceforth, apparently, dinner guests will be given a particular topic in advance for table talk. The first of these improved soirées focused on East-West relations. I've heard no direct report of the evening, but clearly—British or not—the Jays have no sense of what good conversation is if they think it's something that's programmed and prepared for, like a graduate school seminar. In fact, what's wrong with conversation in Washington is precisely that people do talk about East-West relations, Greek-Turkish relations, Carter-Congress relations, Democratic-Republican relations. Good conversation is personal, or at least about where the public and the personal meet. A good conversation is open even to the heart; it is not statements of positions and it is never programmable in advance. Conversation is not a parliamentary debate.

M.P.

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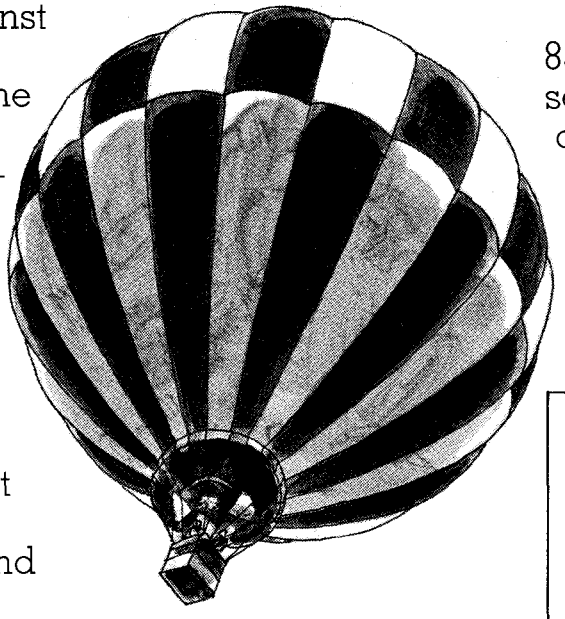

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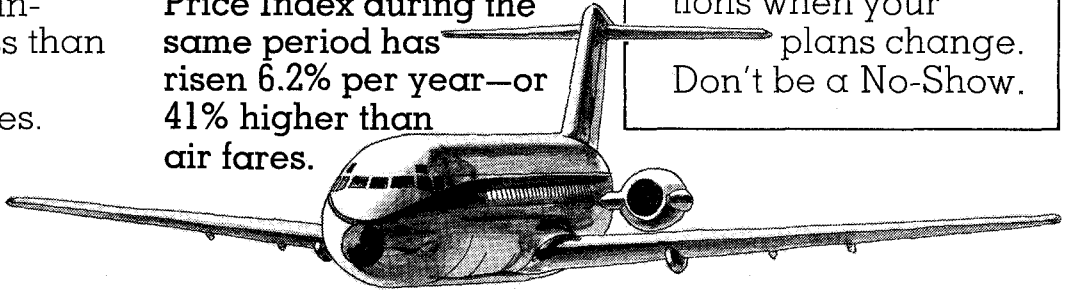

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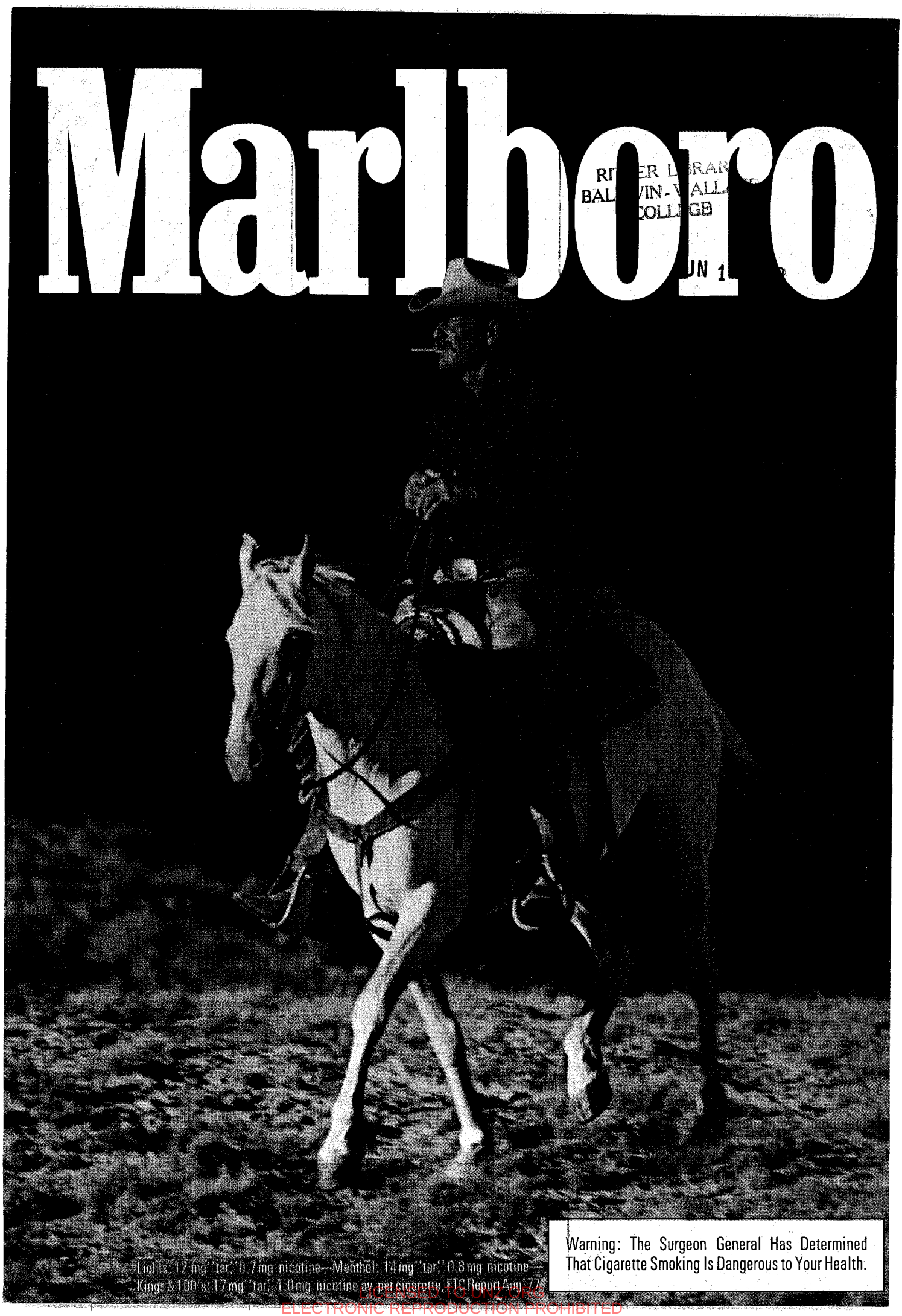
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